

Catholic Digest

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Number 12

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LET us follow the teaching of the blessed Paul, who says: Do not become children in sense, but in malice be children. We are not, then, to return to the pastimes and imperfect beginnings of childhood, but we are to take thence what becomes even those of mature age, such as the swift passing of excitement, and the speedy restoration of peace; the forgetfulness of injuries, the indifference to dignity; love of the companionship of comrades, and natural evenness of temper. It is indeed a great good, not to know and not to have a taste for harm; for to do and to return injuries is the wisdom of this world; but to render no man evil for evil is the childhood of Christian goodwill.

St. Leo in Matins of the Feast of St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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CATHOLIC DIGEST BLDG., 41 E. EIGHTH ST., ST. PAUL, 2, MINNESOTA

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Editor: PAUL BUSSARD

Managing Editor: LOUIS A. GALES

Assistant Editors: Francis B. Thornton, Kenneth Ryan, Edward A. Harrigan,
Harold J. O'Loughlin, Ralph Thibodeau, Ethelyn Burns.



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Catholic Digest

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OCTOBER, 1947

Checkoff and payoff

Boy With

Shoes On

By

JERRY HARTFORD



Condensed from the
*Wage-Earner**

OUR So Very Dear Friend in America Whom We Do Not Know," the letter began.

"Even though I am a poor school-teacher, wife of Rudolph Schimmer, whom you befriended, and can put both German and English down on paper, it would be impossible for me now to say what I want, though I were to use both languages.

"To say that you are kind and that what you sent was dreadfully needed is only to say what you must already know. To try to give you a picture of what you have done for us here, that is what I must do, most kind friend, for only then, I think, will you truly know our straits.

"Let me say right away about the clothing for the babies. Who told you about us, we know not. Rudolph says the only thing he can think of is that you must have heard of him somehow through the trade unions, since your

name is not German and is not known to us.

"What I am trying to say is that we have no children of our own now. Whoever gave you our name must not have had contact with us for some time. Not since the night when our three darlings were smashed so that there was not even any burial."

There were tear splotches here on the thin paper and I knew that writing out those words had brought back too many things, and I was almost sorry that I had sent the package. But below and through the splotches was this.

"Forgive me; I cried a little, and paper is so scarce I cannot start anew and must send my tears to one who has only tried to be kind.

"Rudolph received your package at the union hall, where you addressed it. It came as a complete surprise, without warning of any kind. One moment there was nothing, the next a CARE

food package and the clothing you sent. It is over two kilometers to our home, and I believe Rudolph ran all the way, even carrying the gifts. And he is no longer young after Buchenwald.

"We had supper tonight, I will tell you, ourselves, our neighbors, and some union leaders who were in the concentration camp with Rudolph. Yes, that was a supper! But I must tell you the other thing which I think will show you the measure of your goodness, which I am so sure you do not begin to realize, my dear friend in America.

"There was still a pair of shoes for a little boy left over after we gave our friends what they needed worse than we. You will remember them. The shiny brown ones with the strong laces that a six-year-old could bind up about his ankles, and with such fine soles it would be months before you could feel the stones through them."

The handwriting was almost scribbled here, as though it had been written hurriedly, almost happily, in contrast to the part where the tears fell.

"There is a boy lives near us in a basement. Except for an older boy who sleeps there, he lives alone, though he is but six. It is the sort of thing that exists in Germany now. We do not even know where he came from. The authorities have taken him in many times, but each time he gets away and returns to the basement.

"He lost his father and mother and all his brothers and sisters in one night's bombing, and believes some-

how that they will return to him there.

"For a long time he had from somewhere what you would most nearly call a pair of rubbers. No shoes at all—just rubbers. On cold days, rags around his feet and then the rubbers, but most of the time just the rubbers.

"I called him over to our house, but he never comes to us easily. I told him I wanted him for something. He came and I took the shoes from behind my back. 'Sit down,' I said. His mouth came open but he said nothing. I removed his rubbers and his bandages and put on him the fine new shoes you sent, without any word being said.

"When I got through, he stood up and did not move, but only looked at them. 'Walk,' I told him. He started to. Then he ran.

"He ran up and down, up and down. Like a deer. Like the wind. Up and down the street past me. And only his smile matched his speed. He was so proud to show me how fast he could run with his new shoes!

"Running so fast was his way of saying thanks. I wish there were some way of telling you our thanks as clearly. I know that if I had not come in the house he would have run until exhausted."

The letter was signed simply, "Maria and Rudolph Schimmer, Berlin, Germany."

I folded it carefully back in the envelope to show to the boys at the local who had chipped in with me to send the packages. I knew I had gotten my money's worth, and I was pretty sure they would get theirs.

Chip off ★ the old block

Prisoner with



Stalin's Son

By
A Polish officer

Translated and condensed from
the *Revue Générale Belge**

FOR 14 months, from February, 1942, to April, 1943, I lived with Jacob (Yasha) Dzugashvili, Stalin's oldest son. We were in a prisoner-of-war camp in Brandenburg, a few miles from Lübeck, in which were detained all officers who had tried to escape, and important political figures and high-ranking officers.

At the beginning of 1942 we were 1,500. There were Gen. Van den Berg, chief of staff of the Belgian army, with about ten of his generals; several high-ranking Polish officers; among the Frenchmen, Capt. Robert Blum, son of Leon Blum; and other military notables.

One day in February, 1942, one of our orderlies told me that the Germans were preparing for the arrival of an important prisoner. He was a Russian officer, Yasha Dzugashvili, son of Stalin. At the beginning he was kept away from us, but after two weeks we were told that we might talk to him.

Since I spoke Russian, I was one of the first to visit him in his "room." He was sitting on his plank bed. He rose and shook hands. He was a man of about 30, of medium height, well built, with a swarthy complexion and striking eyes. His clothes were ragged and

dirty. He had been taken prisoner near Vitebsk, where he was in command of a motorized unit. At the height of the battle, he had made a daring move, but the Germans had already surrounded his forces.

He was happy to talk to anyone, though he spoke no foreign language except a few words of German.

The Polish officers were anxious to show Yasha their solidarity as soldiers and prisoners, especially since he was quartered in their sector. At that time relations between Poland and Moscow were good, on account of the agreement which General Sikorski had just signed with Stalin. Of course, the destruction of Poland by the joint attack of the *Wehrmacht* and the Red army was very recent, and the wound still lay open; but suffering in common creates ties which go beyond political considerations.

In each barracks of the Polish sector, as well as in some of the others, there were four orderlies; Yasha didn't have one. So the Poles arranged to send him one of theirs. They also sent him fresh linens and a felt hat which one of them had made.

The food at the camp was terrible, and of course there was not enough of

*Rue de la Limite, Brussels, Belgium. May, 1947.

it. Yasha let on to me that he was hungry. We sent him part of our rations. Later on, we got our food supplement for Yasha better organized. Most of the prisoners received packages from home or from the American Red Cross, but Yasha didn't get any. So the Polish company, who had more or less adopted him, saw to it that he was sent packages from Poland.

Our relations were becoming more confidential, and as they did I felt a real liking for Yasha; I saw in him not the son of Stalin, but a comrade in captivity.

Dzugashvili was a retiring sort of person. He liked to be alone, and evidently had learned in his younger days to look down on his fellow men. He was far from being a good talker. He spoke in a studied way, as though weighing his words. He avoided delicate subjects, like his mother, his youth, and his private life. On those subjects I was always very discreet. What I know about them I learned from fellow prisoners, particularly some Polish officers who were up on Russian affairs.

Yasha was born of the marriage of Stalin and his first wife, the beautiful Georgian called Soanidzo. At the time of Yasha's birth, Stalin was merely a leader of a revolutionary movement at Tiflis. Soanidzo died in 1917; again Stalin was far away, exiled as "dangerously subversive" to the shores of the Arctic sea.

Yasha was never very friendly with his father, even after Stalin had attained the height of his power. He

spoke of him with a reserve which I understood and respected. I sensed that he did not feel toward Stalin the filial attachment of a son for a father; he considered him as chief of the state, the absolute master whose wishes are to be obeyed—nothing else. If he felt any filial emotion, he never betrayed it to me.

One day one of my comrades addressed him as Stalin. "My name is Dzugashvili," he said; "Stalin is the war name of my father, and does not belong to me."

It was said around the camp that the relations between Yasha and Stalin had always been very strained; that the father beat this stubborn son, treated him like an idiot, and humiliated him in front of his friends. Yasha never said a word about it to me. At any rate, I found out for myself that, far from being an idiot, he had a keen, mature mind, and quite extensive learning. He had gone through art and trade schools and was a graduate engineer.

Is it true that Stalin had forbidden him to live in Moscow? Yasha never mentioned it, but certain statements of my fellow prisoners were very much to the point: that as a young man his attitude toward the regime was not at all orthodox; and that he was even arrested once by the police of Jegov, chief of the GPU, on the charge of "plotting against the person of Stalin." Such statements seemed unbelievable; yet they might begin to explain the extraordinary confidence which Stalin reposed in Jegov.

One day, before me and several others, Yasha expressed his anger at the way the Germans were exploiting the fact that he had fallen into their hands.

"They published a faked interview, with my picture, in which they made me say absurd things: that Russia was foolish to keep fighting; that our side had lost; that we ought to surrender. Never, never, I tell you, have I said such things, first because I never believed them; then because I would not stoop so low when my country is in danger. I wanted to protest, but what could I do? They put me in close confinement. I just despise them the more."

Once I mentioned my astonishment at the careful watch the Germans kept over him. "It is odious and ridiculous," he said. "They are afraid that somebody will get me out; that is impossible, and Russia is far away. Besides, if I escaped I don't know what would happen to me. In the Russian army an officer is not supposed to surrender. I could have fought to the end. But we were surrounded and didn't have any more ammunition. I was captured before I knew what had happened."

When Captain Blum arrived, the Germans decided to put him in with Yasha, but Yasha protested violently. I would have believed that he turned down Blum's company because Blum was only the son of a socialist, or because he was a Jew; actually Yasha just wanted to be alone. He would not willingly have accepted the company of any other officer.

Of course, Yasha had no love for Jews. I found that out whenever he alluded to his father's third wife, the young sister of Lazarus Kaganovitch, communications commissar of the Soviet Union. As for Blum, it was already known that he had become a Catholic; he received Communion every day and prayed fervently.

We got plenty of information in the camp. Every day the loudspeakers blared out the German communiqué, and we became experts in interpreting the ambiguous phrases and the evident omissions. Besides, we had six hidden radio receivers, which were in the French barracks. We owed their presence there to several French technicians.

As soon as I got the news from the BBC, I carried it to Yasha. Even when it was not very favorable, he received it enthusiastically. He had an unshakable faith in ultimate Soviet victory. I say "Soviet" because he always insisted on the fact that Russia would win the war.

As far as Yasha Dzugashvili was concerned, the Western Allies had only a secondary role: they could keep part of the German forces busy on the western front; but the Red army would do the real work.

"The USSR," he said, "will save England, and France with her. We may retreat, but distances are in our favor. Some day we will start marching forward, and Germany will be destroyed."

Yasha hated the West. He often mouthed Soviet propaganda slogans,

such as, "The West is rotten; only we can save the world." Thoroughly imbued with communist ideology, he saw in it the leaven of a new world order. "We have evolved," he used to say. "Russia today is no longer the 'barbarian land' of the tsars. We are a great modern nation. We have the torch; the others have let it go out. Willingly or no, the world will have to follow us."

He sincerely thought that when a people is not mature enough to understand and accept the bliss which communism offers, then that bliss must be imposed on it by force. But he was careful to add, "We are not imperialists. We do not want everybody to submit to the regime which we have. Each country will preserve its own character. We offer an example of that within the USSR, where each republic keeps its own traditions if they do not impede progress."

Many times I tried to steer the conversation around to the internal events which marked Russian political evolution before the war: the great purges; the role of Marshal Tukatchewski, and his condemnation to death; the battle over Stalin by the Soviet factions. On those subjects he was silent. He was the same when I tried to talk about the strength of the Soviet army. He spoke of the heroic Russian soldiers and their courageous leaders, but that was all.

One day I said to him, "Tell me frankly; you often say that communism is going to conquer the world. When that happens, what will be the

fate of the great intellectuals of other countries? How will you integrate them into the new Soviet world which you are building?"

"I'll tell you," he said smiling, "without regard for my personal feelings. You are all fine comrades, and I appreciate your friendship. But that is not the point. The point is that you and we are not the same."

"Western intellectuals are too mature, too imbued in capitalist and reactionary tradition, to be able to evolve, to understand us. Those among them who have enough intellectual agility to accept communist truths will be integrated into our world; the others will be eliminated or put in positions where they can do no harm."

Another time, in my presence, some Polish officers asked him what, to his mind, would be the fate of Poland after the Soviet victory. "Poland will survive," he said, "but it will be Red."

The Poles were not communists: far from it. They took that answer like a hammer blow, but no one faltered; they appreciated the frankness of their comrade, who was already, in their minds, an enemy. Perhaps it wasn't just a matter of frankness, though. Every time I asked Yasha his personal opinion of men or events, I got categorical answers, brutal in their clarity.

"Why," I asked him once, "did the Soviet armies retreat before the German attack in 1941?"

"We just weren't ready. Our arms were insufficient, and certain leaders weren't equal to their tasks."

He cited as an example the retreat of Timoshenko as far as Stalingrad, his replacement by Koniev, and Koniev's brilliant counteroffensive to encircle Von Paulus's army.

"Furthermore," he added, "we were being mined from within. We had traitors; a 5th column under orders from Germany was operating in the Soviet army."

He was very hard on the Allied armies. "Montgomery is an excellent soldier," he told me while the 8th British army was fighting in Africa. "But the English will fight to the last Frenchman, the last Pole and Canadian. That is their practice."

Concerning the Americans, he said, "They are too occupied in the Far East to play a big part in Europe. Their trump card lies in the excellence and quantity of matériel. I do not ignore the value of their armaments which will permit us to win the war sooner. But their army has no tradition."

He didn't like Churchill, the "reactionary," but he could not hide his enthusiasm for the vigor with which the British premier kept alive his country's resistance. Only once did we speak of De Gaulle. That was on the occasion of an appeal which the leader of Free France broadcast over the BBC. Yasha knew little about the man or his role, but he told me that

the feat of June 18 had been an "historical" event, and that De Gaulle saved the honor of France from the ignominy of Vichy.

One morning, slightly after dawn, when we had just got up, an orderly rushed in to tell us the news, "Dzughashvili is gone. They have taken him away."

A boy in the kitchen told me that during the night German officers had awakened Yasha and had given him a half-hour to get ready to go. He didn't know any more.

Later I learned that they were probably taking him to Berlin. Their reasons? We could only guess.

At 11 A.M. the loudspeakers, after the usual communiqué, announced the discovery of the graves of Katyn. That was April 23, 1943.

I understood. So did my comrades. Stalin's son was living with Polish officers. The Germans knew that the ghastly news would stir up waves of anger against the Russians, who were considered responsible for Katyn; and they feared reprisals against the Soviet officer.

I saw no more of Yasha. I learned after the German defeat that he had been taken south and had been liberated by American forces, along with Leon Blum and other political figures, in the Tyrolean mountains.



An ill-prepared but enterprising schoolboy was asked, "What is the Matterhorn?" He answered, "The Matterhorn is a large horn to be blown when something is the matter."

George Arthur Buttrick in *Current Religious Thought* (May '47).

Candid but considerate

Good Neighbors Misunderstood

By FRANCIS GREENE

Condensed from *The Sign**



RECENTLY, a South American daily carried a photograph of several North Americans standing in front of the local airport. The caption read, "Arrival of First Group of North American Tourists in Postwar Era." If the hopes of the air and steamship lines eventuate, those North Americans were the first of thousands.

If the tourist is not completely blind, and if he occasionally wanders away from a herded tour of the big cities, he will find that South America is not the land of Paradise and adventure that Hollywood, tourist posters, and the magazines may have led him to believe. The people of South America are interesting, but no more glamorous than the people next door. The large cities are just cities; and the Indians are picturesque only in photographs. Tourists discover that life for the average South American is not one interminable round of soft lights, tango music, and tropical nights; that the great majority spend their days in the pursuit of tomorrow's rice and chicken.

Among the thousands yet to visit South America will be many Catholic educators, businessmen, social workers, professional men; in general, Cath-

olics interested more in the cultural, social, and religious life of the people than the average, pleasure-bent tourist. What impressions about the Catholic Church in South America will those North Americans take back? South American Catholicism needs the help of the Church in the U. S., and whether or not that help will be forthcoming depends to a great extent on how Catholic tourists report conditions when they address their classes, patients, clubs, readers, and friends in general.

The North American Catholic has been taught by Catholic magazines and newspapers that South America is a continent of Catholic nations, and that Catholicism penetrates every phase of life in those countries. He has read elsewhere that some governments are so thoroughly Catholic that they have excluded Protestant missionaries from certain regions. He has heard of the magnificent religious fiestas and of the well-attended national Eucharistic congresses. But little of what he has read or heard has prepared him for most of what he will find. In much of their externals, Catholicism in the U. S. and Catholicism in Latin America are historically, culturally, and materially different.

**Monastery Place, Union City, N. J. July, 1947.*

For the North American Catholic, from a land of well-kept churches and faithful sextons, it is not hard to find fault with most of the Latin-American churches: they are decidedly on the shabby side. All the silver altars, beautifully carved choir stalls, and old oil paintings cannot disguise the fact that most of the churches today are dark, damp, and generally run down. The tourist will shortly come to feel that there is an overemphasis on processions, votive candles, and statues. The statues will repel him, because the rural Indian has his own tastes in images.

He will find Sunday Mass in rural areas an interesting, if not always an edifying, experience. Occasionally, while Mass is being celebrated, a group of workingmen mix concrete off at one side; Indian mothers squat on the floor, nursing their babies; a shaggy mongrel wanders across the sanctuary; and several women work their way through the prayers in a loud, distracting whine. The ceremonies will start anywhere from half an hour to an hour late; the sermon will be too long and flowery according to our standards, and the celebrant will probably need a shave.

The North American need not be particularly observant to notice that he is one of a mere handful of men at Mass. The South American male does not, as a rule, go to church. He considers churchgoing as the rightful occupation of his women folk, and apparently relies on their praying him into heaven.

Those are the things that are readily observed by the casual tourist. If he stays in a country for a fairly long time, more serious aspects of the problem present themselves. He learns that there is an alarmingly high rate of concubinage and illegitimacy. In one large city last year, the rate went as high as 50%; in the country districts, the percentage is much higher. Couples who have lived faithfully together for years are not married in the Church, although professing themselves Catholic.

Apparent, too, in some sections, is a sneering attitude toward the priest. The celibacy of the priest is often not considered a virtue. Compelled by custom to wear the cassock at all times, the priest involuntarily increases the impression of effeminacy. In some sections, he has been deprived of his political rights, even the right to vote. He is seldom asked to visit the better homes and is considered an inferior. Such conditions contribute to a serious lack of vocations; secular clergy are woefully few. The former vicar general of a diocese, in discussing the problem, said in effect that it is impossible to expect young men of good families to enter inferior, poorly conducted seminaries, with the almost certain prospect of leading the life of social outcasts later.

The North American Catholic will be struck by the poor administration of the Church. Harassed by the constant need of making a little go a long way, in regard to both priests and financial resources, the bishops are

often at their wits' end. Forced by poverty to be subsidized by the governments, the Church has become too dependent. Noticeable, also, is the lack of social work being done by the Church. There is little apparent effort to solve the ever-present Indian problem or to better the poor condition of the lower classes. Communists and socialists are playing on this failure, to the detriment of the shaky hold the Church has on the people.

Those, then, are facts that confront the North American Catholic in South America. Latin America is a group of many individual nations, and it is dangerous to predicate all these things of each and every country; but the tourist who visits more than one section will encounter all of them eventually. Such conditions are more prevalent in some countries than in others and are always more noticeable in the country districts than in the cities. The visitor who sees the situation for the first time is bewildered and puzzled. It does not add up to the much-vaunted Catholic culture of which he has heard. The danger lies in his not evaluating matters correctly, and consequently returning to his own country with a sour attitude toward his southern neighbors. One visiting Catholic, when asked recently what he thought of South American Catholicism, replied, "For my money, you can cut the whole continent off, and let it float free!" This may seem a humorous answer, but it will be a tragic one if it is adopted by U. S. Catholics as a whole.

Equally one-sided was the opinion

of a priest who made a hurried trip through South America. "The hope of the Catholic Church," he said, "lies in South America, because it is one of the few places in the world where Catholics are reproducing themselves."

Neither attitude is correct. The situation is not so helpless as the first tourist reports it, nor so hopeful as the second believes. The truth lies somewhere between, and that truth will be perceived only when the North American stops viewing the Church in South America in the light of the Church in the U. S., and studies it in the light of its past history and present surroundings. What at first seem to be defects of the Church soon become recognized as the offshoots of a whole culture, which the Church but reflects. Religion is of the people, and it is tempered and modified in external accidentals by the nature of the people and by their environment.

It is unjust to attribute solely to the Church customs that permeate the whole social structure. If the poorer Latin-American churches are not models of modern architectural skill and cleanliness, neither are the poorer homes and public buildings. Outside the larger cities, unpaved streets are dust in summer and mud in winter. Rural houses are of ramshackle bamboo or unfinished adobe, and even in the cities homes are not always well preserved. Most Latin Americans do not have the fetish of cleanliness nor the high standard of living to which most modern North Americans are accustomed.

What those same churches and monasteries lack in modernity, they more than make up for in rich historical background. They are living memorials to the tireless zeal and energy of persevering missionaries in a strange land. The people like their churches as they are, and the churches belong to the people. As someone has pointed out, Catholicism brought about a revolution in the manner of building places of devotion; Catholics began to build big, roomy churches because Christianity, in contrast to paganism, is a religion of and for the people. South American Catholics have caught that spirit; they feel at home in their churches, like children in their Father's house.

If the ceremonies are long and seldom begin on time, that situation is but the reflection of what goes on in the business and social world. *Mañana* is no empty phrase in Latin America, as the foreign businessman can verify. If the Church can be accused of poor administration and lack of social consciousness, the governments are no more efficient. While some official concern has been evidenced for the Indian and the poor, nothing of a practical nature has yet borne green visible fruit.

With the exception of Argentina and perhaps Chile, the Indian has always been, and is still, one of the greatest problems for the governments and the Church in Latin America. Indians form the majority of the population in some of the countries, even today. The governments have worried little about educating the Indians; they now

find them a drag on efforts to advance economically and take their places in an industrialized society. Early missionaries were unable to instruct thoroughly the great number of Indians they baptized; and a scarcity of clergy ever since has made it impossible for the Church to absorb the Indians and help them as it would like.

The lack of an adequate number of priests still plagues the Church. We of the U. S. have been blessed by an abundance of vocations. Recently, a South American priest saw a U. S. Catholic directory for the first time. He thumbed through it in astonishment and finally commented, "What couldn't we do here, if we had vocations as numerous as these."

The paucity of vocations has many causes. Most important, perhaps, is the fact that South America as a whole lacks a middle class, from which, most authorities agree, the greatest number of vocations can be expected. The priests of South America do not come into contact with the young as much as our priests do, and their influence is not so great. Add to these facts the poor family background, the relative indifference of the Latin male to all things ecclesiastical, the anticlerical attitude of some high government officials, the low social status and poor living conditions of the priests, and we have some of the reasons for lack of vocations.

One priest of my acquaintance, taking up his post in a parish that had been long without a priest, offered to pay for the civil marriage ceremony,

conduct the ecclesiastical marriage in the home, and take no stipend, if the people would get married by the Church. He had no takers. Today, after two years of instruction in the parish, that priest is beginning to get marriages. The same holds true in other places: when they have a priest and receive adequate instruction, the people do frequent the sacraments.

The Catholic Church in South America needs sympathetic help, both in personnel and in finances, from its

Catholic neighbors of North America. Some Religious Congregations and Societies have already seen this need, and have gone south, but their numbers are few. Thousands more are needed, priests, Brothers, and Sisters, to teach in seminaries, take over parishes, and conduct schools and hospitals. It is to be hoped that Catholic postwar tourists, on their return to North America, will bring this great need more forcibly to the attention of their fellow Catholics here at home.



I Shall Never Forget It

IN MOST of the warfare in the South Pacific, one never really knew for sure just where the front lines were. On a Sunday morning in April of 1944, during the siege of Bougainville, in the northern Solomons, I set up the portable altar a good mile back of where the front lines should have been and started to say Mass. It was a hot and noisy day—like most days were—but the noise of artillery is comforting when you know it is going the other way. The men were wearing helmets and their rifles were within reach. I had finished Communion, when the sudden burst of a "Tommy-gun" shattered a near-by tree—a tree whose shade was covering the altar—and the thud of a fallen body



told the end of another sniper. I finished Mass with more haste than becomes the Holy Sacrifice so the men could get out of the area. Some of them were already searching the dying Japanese, when one of them noticed that he wore a scapular medal around his neck. This was my first encounter with an enemy who was also a friend; for from his vantage point above our heads, he could have killed any or most of us, had he so willed. Before he died, I gave him conditional absolution and Extreme Unction, and prayed that his presence at his last Mass would help merit for him a merciful judgment and the peace for which he, too, was fighting.

Ambrose R. Filbin.

Priests are invited to submit similar experiences. We shall pay \$25 on publication for acceptable ones. Sorry we can't return manuscripts, but we shall carefully consider all that are submitted.—The editors.

Disqualification of Finn MacCool



Olympics Without **IRELAND**

By ARTHUR DALEY

Condensed from the *New York Times**

THERE'S no race quite like the Irish for bristling indignantly at injustice. In fact, they've been bristling for centuries. But, whisht, man, have you heard that the Irish are being 'deprived of the right to compete under the Irish banner in the 1948 Olympic games? Frank O'Connor, former 440-yard champion of Ireland, has just called the attention of this corner to the dastardly situation. 'Tis enough to make a man's blood boil, it is.

But here's what he has to say about it. "For years the Irish were doing very nicely for themselves in international track competition. They reached the top in 1932 at the Los Angeles Olympics. The great swish of the mighty Dr. Patrick O'Callaghan's hammer was heard around the world. Every Irish head was cocked, from Portland, Me., to Brook Ave. in the Bronx. Shure, some of them were after sayin' that he would have thrun it clear back to Killarney only but for the rules. It's been mighty hard to beat the Corkmen in any argument since—unless you were from County Tipperary.

"Thru, Bob Tisdall was but a spalpeen of a lad. But he had the heart of a Finn MacCool. Many of the unfor-

tunate few, who are not Irish, said he had wings. If he did, he didn't need them. He won the Olympic 400-meter hurdles championship, and would have had the record, too. But only for getting lonesome, because he was so far in front, did he look back and knock down the final hurdle.

"The lads from Kerry have plenty to brag about, too. But from another day, when the Leaping Leahy out-leaped them all, Con—that was his father's name, too—carried the blood of the Con of the Hundred Battles, who outflanked the enemy single-handed by leaping over Carn Tuhill, the highest mountain in Ireland. There were many more and 'twas no county in the land of St. Patrick that didn't have its stalwarts.

"Perhaps they became too famous in 1932. Since then they have not taken part in world competition nor been properly represented in international competition. In 1932 at the congress of the International Amateur Athletic federation the delegates of the Irish National Athletic and Cycling association, an affiliate member of the IAAF since 1924, were informed that the AAA of England had told the congress

**Times Square, New York City. July 15, 1947.*

of its desire to form a new organization to represent the United Kingdom. They wished to have the North-of-Ireland athletes on the United Kingdom team instead of on the Irish team.

"By the sainted head of me own mother, if this congress had been held in Ballyscunnion on a Fair Day, the blackthorns would be flying. But President Edstrom didn't choose to hold it there. Shure, this called for a new interpretation of the rules, since the NACA of Ireland was sole controlling body for *all* Ireland. 'Political boundaries must apply,' he ordered. 'Ireland must now compete as the Irish Free State and confine its membership to the 26 southern counties.'

"Before the eyes of the boys from Antrim and Down, Kilkenny and Clare flashed visions of Irish lads competing against the world's best—but under the banner of the United Kingdom. No more the name of Ireland. But compromising an injustice never was the forte of the Irish. If Mr. Edstrom had said to the AAU of the U. S. that each state was a 'political boundary' and must run under its own name, if he said that no more shall the Stars and Stripes float over Mount Olympus nor the U. S. wear the laurel wreath from Marathon—if he'd said that, the atom bomb would be as a pin dropped on a velvet cushion compared to the resounding push he'd have received. The Irish, however, didn't have the atom bomb. All they had was the fare home. That's where they went.

"'Twas a hard decision for the sons

of the Emerald Isle to make. But the youth from the four corners of Ireland rallied to the standard and vowed that as long as the grass was green they would not cut off their brothers from the North. This caused the suspension 'forever' of the NACA, in 1937. In doing so the IAAF recognized 'an association not yet organized' in the Irish Free State as representing the 26 counties. When this organization finally was founded it consisted of a group of only six of the national association's 175 clubs.

"'Tis amazed I am at the devious interpretation that Mr. Edstrom makes of the very bylaws of the IAAF, which provide 'that the governing athletic association of each country shall be eligible for membership of the Federation. Only one association may represent a nation.'"

Innocent bystanders are eternally having their noggins whacked by sticking their heads into other people's business. But this reporter happens to know a little something about the situation that Correspondent O'Connor mentions. The facts he states are eminently correct.

Even Dr. Pat O'Callaghan himself cut short his career rather than compete for other than the Ireland he represented so nobly and so well in the 1932 Olympics. The big brawny medico trailed Porhola of Finland all through that competition. He was losing until the final throw. Then he spat softly on his hands—the memory of it still is vivid—and grasped the handle of the hammer. Strongly and confi-

dently he spun. Whoost! Out it whirled through the California air. It was ticketed all the way. Dr. O'Callaghan had retained his Olympic championship. They really didn't even have to measure the throw.

Everyone must admit that the

Swedes are a smart race. If Sigfried Edstrom is as sharp as he's always been, he should bow to the inevitable. This is one fight he never can win. It may take the Irish a thousand years to do it but they'll wear down the opposition in the end. They always have.

Food, fuel, formaldehyde

Report on Sugar

By O. A. BATTISTA



SUGAR, a commodity which was as common as table salt or toothpicks before the war, has been the last item to be removed from the domestic ration list. For the first time in many years, the heaping-full sugar bowl is reappearing on the American table and in restaurants. Persons who like their coffee sweet may now load the brew down with as many teaspoonfuls as they can afford, and sugar bread is once again thrilling the palates of play-worn children.

What is sugar? Why was it so scarce during the war years? Where does our sugar come from, and how is it made? Is there any danger that it may become a peacetime scarcity? What is the future of this sweet chemical building block?

To answer those questions properly

we must look beyond candy bars, ice cream, and soft drinks. Today, sugar is considered to be the most important chemical raw material known. In the hands and minds of research chemists, it has become a versatile starting material from which an endless number of new and important synthetic chemicals may be manufactured.

For example, thousands of tons of sugar are going into the manufacture of man-made drugs, nontoxic dye-stuffs, anesthetics, and synthetic rubber. Hundreds of thousands of tons are being absorbed by the paint and plastics industries. And hardly a week goes by without the nation's chemists producing another laboratory marvel to make new demands on sugar as a raw material. Perhaps no other chemical in existence has a brighter future.

In the past, sugar was an unknown compound of our economy, a product

of industry which was taken for granted. It was important as a taste-treat, and the average citizen relied upon it for as much as 15% of his daily energy requirements. In 1939, the U. S. consumed about 14 billion pounds of sugar for domestic and industrial purposes. The per capita consumption of sugar then was about 110 pounds per year. Today, demands from all the old sources and hundreds of new ones have been melting away all the sugar we could produce and import, although stockpiles are now beginning to take shape.

Plants alone of all living organisms have the know-how of making sugar from the simple materials, carbon dioxide (the gas we exhale from our lungs), water, and sunlight. In effect, as Dr. William J. Robbins has put it, "sugar is stored sunlight energy." It is estimated that the amount of energy held in captivity as sugar by plants each year is equivalent to the energy trapped within the atoms of 300 billion tons of coal.

The starch in a potato had as its origin sugar flowing in the veins of the green leaves of the potato plant above ground. The alchemical processes of plant life transform the sugar in the tree's sap into cellulose from which paper, rayon, explosives or newsprint is made. Every organic chemical compound manufactured in nature's botanical factories had sugar as its starting raw material.

A comparatively cheap source of energy even in these inflated times, sugar was once a costly luxury within

the reach only of the rich and powerful. The Arabian medicine men used this substance which "looks like salt but tastes like honey" to "sugar" the repulsive flavors of their powerful concoctions. And their successors, the European apothecaries, became popular and wealthy by preparing candied fruits and sweetmeats which became known as confections.

Sugar is believed to have been cultivated first in India. Sugar cane was carried to China as early as 800 B.C., from whence it spread westward to Persia, Egypt, and Arabia. There is no evidence that it was cultivated in Europe prior to 700 A.D., however, and sugar cane made its way to America via the Canary islands and the West Indies. The Nestorian monks were the first to make white sugar, more than 1,000 years ago, and the modern product is made snow white by means of carefully controlled purification processes employing activated charcoal to remove impurities. Today, sugar is the purest food product available. The sample which you may purchase at the corner grocery store is as pure as the most refined sugar available at the National Bureau of Standards.

Sugar scientists with whom I have discussed the matter believe that a great boom in American sugar production is in the offing. They believe we are entering an "Age of Carbohydrates," a period in which energy will be derived from nature's sugars rather than from nature's uranium, provided the harnessing of atomic energy for practical peacetime uses does not pre-

clude the need for such a development. In any event, the facts of the moment are that 75% of the American sugar demands are being supplied by imports from Cuba and other foreign lands, and a determined drive to encourage the domestic cultivation of sugar cane is under way.

It is expected that the large-scale production of superfuels for automobiles and airplanes will utilize sugar and sugar by-products in undreamed-of quantities soon. The use of sugar as a national palate enticer will undoubtedly become one of the less important demands for this vital compound on a tonnage basis. More than 3,000 items, quite foreign in appearance to sugar itself, are being manufactured from this common carbohydrate, and there is no end of other outlets for it in the field of synthetic organic chemistry.

Is sugar the sweetest substance known? Contrary to popular belief, sugar stands far down on the scale of the chemist's yardstick of sweet things. Saccharin, the white, sugar-like powder produced from coal tar which lacks the palatability of sugar, is 300 times as sweet. A naturally occurring substance called glycyrrhizin, the sweetening agent in the licorice root, is more than 50 times as sweet as sugar.

There are two main kinds of agricultural sugar known. One is refined from sugar cane, the other from sugar beets.

Beet sugar, which is being cultivated in ever-increasing quantities by American farmers, was quite unknown just 200 years ago. Compared with cane

sugar, it is a relatively new discovery.

It was not until 1747 that a professor of physics at the Berlin Academy of Sciences, Dr. Andreas Marggraf, first purified and recognized crystals of beet sugar. Since that time, and particularly through the pioneering efforts of the American farmer, a formidable agricultural industry has developed around the sugar beet.

What are some of the specific uses to which sugar is being put besides that of filling sugar bowls, making candy bars and lollipops, sweetening ice cream, soft drinks, iced tea or lemonade?

Sugar finds its way into the manufacture of extra-strong cements and adhesives, in the culture of penicillin and streptomycin, in the production of pulp and paper, explosives, synthetic rubber, and even welding rods! The rayon industry uses grape sugar by the carload in manufacturing "artificial silk." Added to the strong acid precipitating baths, it prevents the microfine filaments from sticking together as they are spun and freshly formed.

This world-wide sweetener and giver of energy is behind blood plasma substitutes, a wide variety of new plastics, the processing of leather, and the curing of meats. And how would commercial canneries or the housewife get along without vast supplies of sugar to protect the annual production of preserves and jams?

In the curing and seasoning of tobacco, sugar is all important. It promotes a bacterial fermentation without which the smoke from a burning ciga-

rette would have an inferior flavor.

Sugar is used to make numerous waterproofing compounds, in making glass and resilvering mirrors. Thousands of tons are absorbed annually to lure insects and household pests in the form of "come-on" poison-laden baits. Lactic acid, formaldehyde, citric acid and a host of other synthetic organic chemicals are being constructed, starting with sugar molecules as the building blocks. New life saving drugs, dye-stuffs, lacquers and fuels, perfumes and pain relievers, antiseptics and anesthetics will continue to roll out of

the chemists' sugar bowls. And all the while this foremost sweetener of foods will stay on the job providing ten times as many calories of energy per pound as spinach.

Here, indeed is one of nature's most gifted products. Sugar has an assured future. In a sense it is more vital than plutonium or penicillin, for this versatile and sweet chemical building block is the foundation of our physical existence, the material substance upon which modern civilization depends for a large proportion of its progress and energy.

Offers Declined Before

BISHOP SHEIL knows through his own early experiences the struggles the economically underprivileged must undergo.

When he starred as a baseball player at St. Viator's college, he received an offer from the major leagues. He was confronted with the most important decision in his life. To accept would be to forsake his ambition to be a priest. He chose the priesthood, and was ordained in 1920. But his baseball prowess never deserted him. Six years after he became auxiliary bishop of Chicago in 1928, he pitched hitless ball for eight innings in a game between priests and the Catholic Youth Organization.

John A. Abel in the *Eagle* (July '47).

After

ELIZABETH, MINN., (near Fergus Falls) is proud of its baseball team, which leads the Tourist league with 14 victories against one defeat. The town is also proud of the team's star pitcher, Kampsen.

In fact, Kampsen is so good that a St. Louis Cardinal scout came to town to watch him perform. The scout liked what he saw and made a move to sign Kampsen for professional baseball.

But Kampsen wasn't interested in the major leagues—because he's "in a bigger league already."

Father Kampsen is the Catholic priest of Elizabeth.

Minneapolis *Morning Tribune* (7 Aug. '47).

Crazy like a fox

Sixteen Months of Red Imprisonment

Condensed from the

*Catholic Universe Bulletin**

For 16 months, Chinese communists tried to drive Father Louis Rupar crazy. For 16 months, he came very close to doing the same to them.

Penned in his room in a town 100 miles from Peiping, the little Vincen-tian missionary proved a frightful nuisance. When the Red leader, Lo, lectured him about Marxism, he lectured right back. When Lo said the communists were going to take over the world, he snorted. When his captors tried to take away his rosary, he said they'd have to kill him first.

More than once, this must have seemed a good idea, but the party line said No. The party line said to kill Chinese priests, but not missionaries from other countries. That sort of thing upsets communist plans to pose as nice fellows in other countries. So Father Rupar wasn't to be killed. He was to be driven crazy by imprisonment, or made very ill.

Finally, after 16 months, he came down with a high fever, and they figured he was done for. So when he got on his bike and rode off, they said to let him, he wouldn't get very far. They were very nearly right, but he made it to Peiping. Six months in a hospital made him feel better. Then he got on a boat and came to America to visit his aunt in Cleveland.

Does he like America? He rolls his eyes soulfully, and exclaims, "Oh!" Ask him what he missed most during his 16-month imprisonment, and he replies, "Liberty." Now he's tasting liberty and America and he loves it. "In 10 years, not one nice day!" That's how Father Louis describes the last decade of his 13 years in China.

First came the Japanese. They tried three times to have him shot, but each time he outfoxed them. Then they sent a mob to his house to pour gasoline around and set it afire, with him inside. He talked them out of it. He asked them to name one thing he had done to deserve it. They couldn't.

Finally the Japanese were gone, and then came the Reds. The Reds, if anything, were worse. They came to his house saying he had 70 guns hidden there. But they couldn't find any, because there weren't any. That was one time the communists outsmarted themselves. Usually they send a gang to bury guns behind the priest's house. Next day they come and dig them up. Then the missionary is in the soup. This time, the Reds must have thought Father Louis really had guns.

Another difficulty was that Father Louis had nothing worth stealing. He didn't even own any land. He had buried his chalices and vestments, and

*NBC Building, Cleveland, Ohio. August, 1947.

for all he knows, they are still there. For six hours, the communists went over his little five-room mud-brick house and chapel with a fine-tooth comb, but found nothing. Deprived of a pretext for arresting him, they announced that he was in danger of assassination or something. So they put him in his room and placed a guard at the door to "protect" him.

That room became a regular zoo. Most of the Chinese communists had never seen a European, much less a priest, and they came in droves to stare. "More than 200,000 communists went through that area, and I think most of them stopped for a look at me," said Father Louis, with his little grin.

All this time, he was outwitting the plot to drive him out of his mind. When the communists were around, he talked to them—or rather, at them. He threatened, scolded, denounced, and demanded his release. At other times, he talked to his wolfhound, which had a name like a growling bark, R-r-ruff.

When R-r-ruff's conversation palled, he read books on theology. There were 50 or 60 of them in German and French, and the Reds didn't take them because they couldn't read them. Father Louis read them through, and then through again, and . . . He doesn't know how many rounds.

He did a lot of praying, too. "For the conversion of the communists?" he was asked. He grinned.

"They're too fanatical. Nobody can convert them."

"Not even God?"

"Well. . . . Even God might face difficulties." (Free will, you know.)

One of the things that drove the Reds wild was the way Father Louis managed to get things. He received letters from his superiors. He received money. He received wine for Mass. How this was done is one of Father Louis' little secrets, which he isn't telling because there are still priests in captivity. With the money, which the Reds didn't know he had, he sent a boy to buy food. He baked his own hosts for the holy Sacrifice, which he offered daily. He used a drop or two of wine for each Mass, "one small bottle lasted a month and a half."

At first, relations between Father Louis and his captors were comparatively cordial. "You see," he says, "I knew all the communist leaders." And they were trying to win him over to communism. Presently they realized that they were getting nowhere, and by that time "they knew where I stood, and I knew where they stood."

Father Louis' assistant used to get in to see him. The assistant was a Chinese priest, and the communists were absolutely certain he was crazy: the Chinese priest was a good actor. He annoyed the Reds by refusing to look at them or speak to them. He behaved as if they didn't exist. He is still in charge of the parish his superior had to abandon.

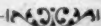
Father Louis put in much of his time talking to the communist Chinese children, who were allowed the run of his house. The youngsters used to gallop all over the place at night, when

he was trying to sleep. All in all, Father Louis realizes that he got off easy. Many other priests were cruelly beaten, and some were killed. Chinese priests were told to get married, or else. They chose the else.

Will China go communist? No, says Father Louis, because the Chinese are individualists. They like their own homes, farms, and families. They de-

spise interference. Today they dislike the communists even more than they did the Japanese. They are held down by terror.

Father Louis, born in Slovenia, reared in Austria, is going to stay here until he is completely recovered. Then, if his superiors so decide, he is going back to China, to the age-long struggle between Christ and anti-Christ.



Wanted: American Kosciuszko's

Letter to a Young Pole

By EUGENE LYONS

Condensed from the *Polish Review**

Dear Michael:

You bear an authentically Polish name. Polish tunes run through your mind, tunes you heard in the cradle, in childhood, at family gatherings. There are a few exotic reminders of the old country in your home—perhaps pictures, books in strange bindings, maybe a costume—and they do touch a chord in your heart.

Being an intelligent young man, you agree that Poland has gotten a raw deal in this war. Listening to your relatives and their friends discuss the ordeal of their native land, you sometimes share their anger and sorrow.

At the same time, however, you are a little annoyed by their eternal concern about a place thousands of miles away and problems that seem so remote from everyday American life. It seems to you high time they erased the memory of their origins and settled down to being "real Americans."

In any case, you want to know why you, an American boy, as American as any of your Anglo-Saxon classmates, should bother about a far-off country which you have never seen.

It's a fair question, Michael, and you're entitled to a fair answer. Somehow they must reconcile their family

*516 Fifth Ave., New York City, 18. July 10, 1947.

heritage, whether it be Polish or French, Irish or Mexican, with the general American heritage. Many of them go through life with a self-conscious feeling about their origins, their names, the "foreign" touch to their homes. Instead of being proud of those things, as they have every right to be, they act almost as if they carried a guilty secret.

But the wisest and healthiest among the second and third-generation Americans, Michael, are those who understand early that the whole problem is artificial. They need only to become aware that America is not made of one piece but is a wonderful mixture of races and cultures, to which new ingredients are always being added. That mixture, in fact, is the basic reason for the vigor and power in our country.

Every new arrival, whether from Poland or Timbuctoo, makes a contribution to that evolution. He brings his labor power, his passion for self-betterment, his brains, the virtue and experience of his particular civilization, and throws them into the great American pool. Our America has never expected its immigrants to discard and forget their past. On the contrary, it has expected them to distill the best in their personal heritage for the enrichment of their adopted fatherland. What distinguishes America from some older nations is that it has a diversity of people but an equality of human rights.

Once you have grasped this great truth about America, Michael, you will

get over any uneasy feeling about your slightly "foreign" home and relatives. It will turn instead to a feeling of pride in the special qualities and unique experiences of your forebears and their courage in coming to America for a fresh start. You will know that "foreign" homes have been typically American since the day when the Mayflower unloaded its contingent of immigrants on Plymouth Rock.

Immigrant, after all, is only another word for pioneer. It took guts for your father or grandfather to tear up his roots and strike out for a new country on the other side of the ocean. The same kind of guts the Pilgrim Fathers had, or those who struck out for the unknown West in covered wagons.

An Irish American, if he has self-respect, loves the Green Isle of his forebears, though he has never seen it and doesn't expect to. He marches proudly in the St. Patrick's day parades and feels himself, rightly, a better American for it. If his interests run in that direction, he gets a special kick out of Irish literature, music, history. If his tastes run in another direction, he takes a deeper pride in an Irish jockey or prize-ring champion.

The very fact that he does these things proves that he is thoroughly adjusted to America. His American patriotism is not one iota less because it includes a perfectly natural and wholesome affection for the ancient land of his fathers.

Do you know, Michael, that tens of thousands of Irish Americans gave their money and their energies in the

long struggle for Irish freedom? They did not thereby reduce the measure of their Americanism. Indeed, intelligent fellow Americans who were not Irish understood and applauded that loyalty to their race. Because our country is compounded of scores of races, a decent pride in your own race, coupled with a decent respect for the other fellow's, has become a fine American tradition.

Intelligent fellow Americans understand and applaud today when Americans of Polish extraction like yourself fight for the cause of Polish liberation.

Let me put it bluntly. If your father and his friends, born in Poland, ignored the tragedy of their native country it would mean that they have not learned the lesson of their adopted country. It would mean that they have not learned the value of human freedom. If you, the son of Poles, are untouched by the suppression of Poland's freedom, it does not mean that you are a "real" American, but on the contrary, that your Americanism is shallow and incomplete.

Those who fight for Polish freedom are also fighting for American freedom. An epochal struggle is under way in the world today, a great duel between freedom and dictatorship. America typifies the nations and peoples on the freedom side of the tussle, just as Soviet Russia typifies the forces on the side of slavery. A victory for dictatorship anywhere is a defeat for America. A victory for freedom anywhere is an American triumph.

Think of these things next time you

are tempted to annoyance because some Pole grows vehement in denouncing the raw deal meted out to Poland by its wartime allies. Remember that he is right. Remember that the betrayal of Poland was also a betrayal of America. It is not simply a "Polish affair" but an affair affecting the entire world.

When Poland, which fought so valourously and paid such a heavy price in blood and pain for its loyalty to the Allied ideals, was sold down the river to appease a totalitarian despot, the hopes for a free world suffered a body blow. You know by now that the injustice perpetrated against Poland did not end there. It was the prelude to a lengthening series of injustices. The latest victim, as these words are written, is Hungary, and other countries are waiting their turn to be enslaved.

There were Americans before the 2nd World War who insisted that it was none of our business what Hitler was doing to his own people, the Jews, and his neighbor nations. By this time we know how terribly mistaken they were. We know that in due time the whole world paid heavily in life and substance for the diabolic crimes of the nazis.

Even so, there are Americans who now pretend that it is none of our business what Stalin does to his own people and to the populations of neighboring countries. Their vision is as narrow as their human sympathies. Horror of the kind the Soviet dictators are inflicting on an ever-larger portion of Europe and Asia cannot be ignored

with impunity. It is a source of contagion for the rest of mankind. Unless it is cured in good time it may well plunge the world into yet another orgy of global blood-letting.

So I repeat, Michael, that in fighting for the rights of Poland you will be fighting also for the best interests of America. Kosciuszko and Pulaski did not cease to be great Polish patriots when they chose to fight for the independence of 13 far-off American colonies. Lafayette did not cease to be a great Frenchman when he devoted himself to the cause of American freedom. A great English poet, Lord Byron, took up arms for Greek freedom at the beginning of the last century; he did not thereby cease to be a noble English patriot.

By the same logic you, your Polish relatives, and their Polish friends do not cease to be good Americans when

you champion the cause of Polish freedom and independence. Indeed, you demonstrate your Americanism by doing your share in defense of principles of human liberty and human dignity.

Communism is the number one danger facing the world today. Its depredations in Poland or France, in China or in our own country, are not separate phenomena. They are parts of the same world-wide force. We must stand up to it, all of us, not only at home but wherever the danger is manifest.

It is not only your right as an American, Michael, but your duty as an American of Polish origin to take a direct and enlightened interest in the vital struggle to liberate Poland from Soviet domination. You will be a better American for it and, more important, a better human being, a better citizen of the world.



Flights of Fancy

Not many sounds in life exceed in interest a knock at the door.—*Charles Lamb.*

Social tact: making your company feel at home, even though you wish they were.—*1000 Jokes.*

Life, a novitiate for eternity.—*Edward Leen.*

Hardest job a kid faces: learning good manners without seeing any.—*Goodwill Journal.*

In such poor health, the insurance man took back his blotters.

Through his eyes, the windows of his soul, can be seen one of the few vacancies now available.—*Jack Goodman.*

The school season, when children miraculously get over the habit of early rising.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

A handshake like a sorrowful pound of sausages.—*P. C. Wren.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

Papal Chamberlain

By J. P. DE FONSEKA

Condensed from the Colombo Daily News*

ON THE assumption that I would be the person to know, I have been requested to say who or what a papal chamberlain may be.†

The chamberlains of the Pope are real officers in active service in the Vatican palace and are members of the *famiglia pontificia*, or papal household. They are called chamberlains of the sword and cape for the good and sufficient reason that they carry a sword (ebony-handled with a black patent-leather scabbard hanging from a black velvet belt) and wear a cape (a black velvet mantle lined with black silk, attached over the left and under the right shoulder).

They wear, according to the occasion, one of three picturesque uniforms, the gala dress being the Spanish costume which is worn only in the Pope's presence.

They say it was Michelangelo who designed it, and the costume's most characteristic feature, a collar of batiste *a la Henri IV*, points to the 16th century. But there were chamberlains on

†Mr. de Fonseka has been lately appointed chamberlain of honor of the sword and cape to His Holiness Pope Pius XII in recognition of his services to the Church as writer, teacher, and leader in a difficult region. The same honor has been accorded to only one other in the Orient, the late Lo Pa Hong, the great Chinese Catholic and patriot.

service in the pontifical palaces long before Michelangelo was commissioned to design their dress, and the now rejected document, the so-called Donation of Constantine, reports that the Pope was to employ chamberlains just as the emperor did.

The second dress is a modification of the first, and is worn on the less solemn occasions, while the third, the city dress, compensates the wearer for all the black registered in the other two by displaying among its special features an open red-cloth swallow-tail coat, lined with red silk. When it is noted that the sword proper to this uniform is one with gilded guard, mother-of-pearl handle, suspended from a golden galloon cincture, one appreciates the terrible importance of detail and may remember that Michelangelo, who said that details make perfection, asked, "Is perfection a detail?"

The extraordinary habiliments of the chamberlains testify to the longevity of the papacy. In its 20 centuries there has been collected an incredibly fantastic but quite workable assortment of dressmaking.

The chamberlains are drawn from both clergy and laity. The laity subdivide into privy chamberlains and

*Lake House, McCallum Road, Colombo, Ceylon. June 11, 1947.

chamberlains of honor, the former keeping their station in the papal ante-chamber, the latter in the throne room.

The top-ranking chamberlains are from the Roman nobility, whose offices pass from father to son. They appear on great occasions only. Prince Colonna and Prince Orsini have been the most noted of names in this category, and the lines stretch down from the Renaissance.

Every day, four of the privy and four of the honorary chamberlains are *di numero* (of the number), that is, actively engaged in attendance on the Holy Father. Supernumeraries are also appointed who are expected to come to Rome and perform their service for a week, at the end of which they are received by the Pope in private audience. There are nowadays about 400 supernumeraries privy, and 200 chamberlains of honor.

The orders are taken from the papal *mastro di camera* and the *major domo* (clerics both), who are the official heads of the department of the chamberlaincy. The chamberlains introduce visitors, keep order, supervise movements of persons, summon or dismiss callers, take part in the papal proces-

sions, in which they have place and precedence, distribute the Pope's gifts and tokens at the general audiences. One pleasant little matter is the duty of handing over the Holy Father's souvenirs to newly married couples, whole battalions of whom are received from time to time: a medal to the young husband, and a rosary to the young wife.

The appointment of chamberlains is by papal brief, and the veterans of the service count years of continuous enrollment under several popes. It is salutary to add that for misdemeanor or a chamberlain could be struck off. In the Borgia period the chamberlains sampled the wine before the Pope partook of it; enemies may have poisoned the cup.

In the early times the chamberlains may have been chosen perhaps also for physical magnitude; the kind of men who could protect the pontiff by blocking up the papal doorway against the ingress of unfriendly visitants. At the feasts of Sts. Peter and Paul and of Christmas the chamberlains who put in service receive commemorative medals for the year and for every year in which they go to Rome and assist.



Early Catholic Action

THE early Christian martyrs who marched, singing, into the Roman arena have been described in various ways and given various titles. There is one designation which, perhaps, has never been used; and it is a designation which states literally what they were.

They were the Catholic laity of Rome.

From the column *Our Stand* by A. Jackson (31 July '47).

The "real McCoy"



Padre of the BOWERY

By T. J. McINERNEY

Condensed from the *Savior's Call**

"COME in, son!" With this invitation, Msgr. Conrad I. McCoy, spiritual director of the Holy Name center on New York's famous "street of forgotten men," the Bowery, opened the door of the center a little wider as if to accentuate the characteristic cordiality in his voice. It was a bitter cold night, and the figure outside the door lost no time accepting the priest's invitation.

Monsignor McCoy, who has been director of the center for nine years, recalls that during that time he has seen thousands of men in need of material help come through its door, but none has managed to equal the picture of misery and destitution presented by the man who stood before him that night. His clothing hung in tatters about his spare frame; although it was mid-winter he had no overcoat, and his shoes were so threadbare that they looked more like sandals. Even the brisk wintry winds had difficulty in putting color in the man's sunken, pale cheeks.

Monsignor McCoy gave the hapless visitor the usual courtesies of the Holy Name center; a bracing cup of hot soup, coffee and doughnuts. Then he

found a slightly worn but warm overcoat, and since the center does not provide lodging, supplied the man with a ticket for a room for three nights at one of the Bowery hotels and meal tickets for three days. This was in line with the center's policy of providing three days' lodging and meals for strangers "with no question asked."

Two days later the man came back. He still had the overcoat Monsignor McCoy had given him, but had also acquired a pair of blue denim trousers and a used but more serviceable pair of shoes. In the course of expressing his gratitude to the priest for his hospitality of a few nights before, he revealed that he had once been a successful electrical engineer in Buffalo, N. Y., until he ran into a long streak of unemployment during the depression of the 1930's. One day, when he was at the end of his resources, he met some old acquaintances who got him a job as a "wire tapper" for a New York racing bookmaker. The inevitable happened: he was apprehended and brought to trial. He thought the proper thing to do was to "protect his friends." He was sentenced to a long

*St. Nazianz, Wis. July, 1947.

term in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kan. Released after more than ten years, he found his record as an ex-convict a sore spot when it came to getting employment. That record had cost him six jobs in as many months. Broken in spirit and financially "broke," he had wandered down into the Bowery on his arrival in New York. Like so many of the stories connected with the Holy Name center, this one has a happy ending; Monsignor McCoy was able to get the man a job as superintendent of a multi-family apartment building and at last report he was leading a normal life.

Monsignor McCoy, "the *real* McCoy" to countless thousands of unfortunate men who appear to be drawn to the Bowery by some force akin to magnetism, doesn't believe in keeping files of case histories of the unfortunates who have been befriended by the Holy Name center. He prefers to leave that sort of thing to social workers. But his nine years of assistance to the citizens of the old Bowery have given him a rich store of anecdotes similar to the one related above. Doctors of Philosophy, lawyers, men who once were business tycoons and others who have never been anything but manual laborers have experienced the hospitality of the center. Some have known it for years, others for months and still others for days. To Monsignor McCoy, the identity of his "guests" is something between them and him, pretty much like the confidence of the confessional. Otherwise, the names of some of the men he has befriended would startle

their former associates in what is loosely called "society."

Back in 1938 Father McCoy came down to the Bowery. The New York archdiocesan authorities needed someone to be spiritual director of the agency set up to provide for the spiritual welfare of the unfortunates on and around the Bowery. Of all the candidates proposed for the job, Father McCoy seemed the most logical choice because for many years he had served as curate at St. Ann's church in a section just north of the Bowery. Coupled with this was some valuable experience as a sociologist, acquired during graduate study at the Catholic university in Washington, D.C., and a decade of teaching apologetics at Fordham university.

Those were the circumstances that brought Father McCoy, one wintry morning early in 1938, to a run-down building on the Bowery bearing the weather-beaten number "319" and an equally decrepit legend, "Holy Name Mission," over the doorway. Henceforth, this was to be his "parish."

The complexion of the Bowery hasn't changed much since 1938. The same noisy, creaking elevated railroad winds its way through the murky buildings. The same fourth-rate hotels, cheap lodging houses and cheap restaurants abound and there has been no decrease in the population. But the Holy Name mission has undergone something of a metamorphosis during those nine years. It is now known as the Holy Name center and the cramped, outmoded building at "319" has

been vacated in favor of more adequate quarters in a six-story building once used as a parochial school. And, in recognition of the great work he has done in the reclamation of the Bowery's lost souls, the spiritual director has been raised to the rank of Monsignor.

From 6:30 in the morning until 8:30 at night, seven days a week, the Holy Name center is a free shelter with supervised educational and recreational programs designed to give the homeless and friendless man a new interest in life, to discourage brooding and morbidity and to stimulate renewed health and ambition. In this work the center uses its reading rooms and game rooms, its well-stocked library, classes in calisthenics, lectures on health, hygiene, citizenship and economics, boxing bouts, motion pictures and musical and dramatic shows. In addition, its free employment bureau seeks to place the jobless man in some kind of gainful employment.

Monsignor McCoy is no apologist for the Bowery. He recognizes its dangers and pitfalls from the spiritual and economic standpoints. He is, however, quick to straighten out the misinformed person who thinks the Bowery is nothing more nor less than a section of New York into which have been dumped all the social, spiritual, and economic misfits and outcasts. Actually, the habitués of the Bowery and the numerous little side streets which fan out from it like tentacles, fall into three classes: the more numerous non-alcoholics or "old-timers," the "drifters" from all the country, and the rel-

atively small assembly of alcoholics.

The "old-timers," Monsignor McCoy patiently explains, have lived on the Bowery for years and they continue living there because it is inexpensive. The majority of the men in this category are old-age pensioners, who pick up odd jobs now and then. The usual Bowery rate of two dollars per week for a room and the relatively inexpensive meals obtainable in the "one-arm" and counter restaurants fit in with the financial means of the "regulars." Very often when the men die it is found that there are no friends nor relatives to see that they are buried. When such proves to be the case, the Holy Name center sees to it that they are buried in its plot in Calvary cemetery over on Long Island.

"Drifters" from other parts of the country come to the Bowery because the street is recommended as a good source of handouts for the broke and friendless. Many in this category are young or middle-aged men capable of working. In the course of a year the center's employment bureau finds jobs for upwards of a thousand of them, in the hope that this may lead them into useful lives.

A few years ago a young man of 25, whose restless spirit and inability to find a job to his liking in his native Baltimore brought him to New York and eventually to the Bowery, secured a job as a truck driver through the center's job bureau. At the end of each day he had to turn in his bills of lading and other reports to a young woman clerk. A romance developed and with-

in a year the young couple were married. The once restless young man is now a very settled and contented husband and father.

It is the chronic alcoholic who gives Monsignor McCoy his greatest worries and the Bowery its bad name. "Patience and fortitude" are the center's watchwords in dealing with such unfortunates and when, as frequently happens, a seemingly incurable alcoholic will continue on a job which has been found for him and remain "on the wagon," Monsignor McCoy feels that the long days and nights of work and planning are more than well-spent.

One of the reasons why the director of the center is known as "the real McCoy" among the Bowery rank and file is illustrated by a recent incident. One of the old-timers of the center was found dead in bed in his little room in one of the numerous "Men's Hotels" which are characteristic of the street. He had been a regular daily visitor to the center since the Monsignor's arrival, and although past 70 years of age made his own living by running errands or carrying advertising "sandwich signs." The police came to Monsignor McCoy and reported the death as a "suicide," inasmuch as the man had been found dead in his room with gas escaping and the one little window stuffed with paper. Monsignor McCoy tried to get the police to share his belief that a man who went to the sacraments regularly and could often be seen at daily Mass and evening devotions wouldn't take his own life. The priest argued that many poor peo-

ple stuff their windows on cold nights and that a flickering gas light can be accidentally blown out. The Monsignor celebrated requiem Mass for "Old Peter" and saw to it that he was buried in the center's plot in Calvary. And, though the death is still listed on the police blotter in the Bowery precinct as a suicide, Monsignor McCoy insists that the death was accidental.

For the many who make use of them, religious services are conducted daily at the center. It is a standing rule with the Monsignor, however, that no guest will be required to "sing for his supper." Attendance at devotions is a purely voluntary matter, yet the center chapel is seldom without a visitor during the 14 hours in which the building is in use daily. Mass is offered every morning at 8:30, with additional Masses on Sundays and holydays. Rosary and evening prayers are said every day at seven. The average attendance is between 175 and 200, made up mainly of the "Old Guard," the Bowery veterans.

Mission week at the center is an inspiring time. Morning and evening devotions are conducted in what was the auditorium of the old school. During one recent mission, some 1,400 men went to confession during the week and received Holy Communion at one of the four Masses said for them every morning. The men were invited by the missionaries to drop questions into a box at the rear of the auditorium, to be answered before the various morning and evening devotions. One of the missionaries said that the ques-

tions submitted by these so-called outcasts "were more intelligent and showed deeper thinking than those received from many groups in happier circumstances."

Monsignor McCoy is proud of the war record of his boys. More than 700 men served in the armed forces and gave the center as their permanent address, and the spiritual director as the person to notify "in case." There were a number of such notifications during the war.

As an aftermath of the center's numerical contribution to the services during the war, Monsignor McCoy has had to make arrangements to provide emergency aid for several hundred veterans upon their discharge into civilian

life. They have been coming to him for civilian outfits while waiting for their discharge pay to come through. Others have gone considerably out of their way just to come back for a personal good-bye before returning to their former homes, and, Monsignor McCoy is certain, to useful lives.

Like so many Catholic charitable enterprises, the Holy Name center is not self-supporting. Some of the habitués try to pay their way at least partly, but few succeed and they are not expected to do so. The money comes from contributions allocated to the center from the annual appeal of the New York Catholic Charities and from benefactors who are sympathetic to the work.

Postscript for Emily Post

How to Refuse a Cocktail

By JULIAN GREGORY



Condensed from
*Magazine Digest**

THERE are some persons of stalwart character in this country of ours. When the drinks are passed around, they raise themselves to their full height and, in a loud, commanding voice, say, "No, indeed!" Or words to the same wilting effect. I suppose I should admire such people, but it

seems to me that they like doing things the hard way. I prefer the Gregory system, which is my personal cocktail-party recipe.

To show what I mean, and the value of such a system, let me quote J. Maurice Trimmer, who outlines in the *Christian Century* what we might call

*8 W. 40th St., New York City, 18. August, 1947.

the rival or stiff-upper-lip approach to social drinking.

There are three major parties in the U. S., he points out: the Democratic party, the Republican party, and the cocktail party. Of these, the cocktail party is in many ways the most powerful. Its political influence can be gauged by the liquor consumption in Washington, D. C.: 16 quarts per capita per year, compared to only 13 quarts in such wide-open towns as Reno and Las Vegas, Nev. Its influence on the American public can be gauged by the crowded condition of alcoholic wards in hospitals, and by the record of juvenile and adult delinquency traceable to alcohol. America, thanks to the respectability and compulsion of the cocktail party, is in danger of becoming a nation of alcoholics.

In summing up the situation, Mr. Trimmer says, "Washington, with its cocktail parties, is simply the most notorious example of what is increasingly the condition all over the nation. To be eligible for social recognition, a person must indulge in alcoholic beverages. More and more, drinking is motivated by the desire to satisfy the requirements of sociability. The cocktail has become a symbol of social compatibility.

"In many homes the serving of alcoholic drinks has become the fundamental symbol of hospitality. And, as a part of the fellowship ritual, guests are expected to imbibe. Not to accept the proffered drink is to violate the unwritten code of conviviality. This code is recognized as absolutely author-

itative in certain sophisticated circles.

"To violate it, to refuse a drink, is to give the impression of having a holier-than-thou attitude. It is to incur the stigma of not being a good sport. It is to run the risk of being considered offensive, and labeled *persona non grata*. The refusal to drink will probably be interpreted as a boorish criticism of the occasion and those conducting it."

The records of Alcoholics Anonymous are filled with examples of the dangers of the cocktail hour. Many a youth has acquired the liquor habit as a result of drinks taken at socially correct cocktail parties. Because of social-drinking obligations, many a drunkard and many a reformed drunkard has found it impossible to stay on the straight and narrow.

In such an atmosphere, the refusing of a cocktail became a high art. Mr. Trimmer suggests that the only way to refuse is to refuse. Yet this is easier said than done. The pressure of the social code is often overwhelming. As W. H. P. Faunce, one-time president of Brown university, said, "The tyranny of one man, tsar or prince or boss, can be thrown off by revolution. But the tyranny of the crowd is like a clinging fog which dampens and depresses all clear endeavor."

The human desire to be congenial is very strong. Refusing a drink can cause a strained emotional situation that is actually embarrassing. The refusal brings, first, an offended glance from the hostess, plus a look of what is almost astonishment from the other

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guests. A coaxing period follows: "Oh, you simply must have one, at least."

If you still refuse, saying that you don't like cocktails, phase three begins: "If you've never taken any, how do you know you don't like them? And even if you don't like cocktails, how do you know you don't like these?" Usually, after one or two rounds like that at successive parties, even the most strong-willed person, unless he likes arguments, is willing to give in.

For the benefit of all such frail mortals, I offer my personal recipe: if you want to avoid a drink, never refuse one. When your hostess brings around a tray of drinks, take one without any urging. But don't drink it. Here is a peculiar twist to American drinking psychology: as long as you accept a glass, you are under no social obligation to drink it in any specific period. As far as "the gang" is concerned, you have done the correct thing; you have accepted a glass. What you do with it from then on, nobody cares.

What I do is walk around with it for awhile, talking to different groups. This can go on for an hour; as long as I have a full glass, nobody urges me to have another. They may joke about how long it is taking me to drink it; but usually they don't notice. Then I set down the glass on a mantelpiece or a side table. I do this absent-mindedly, perhaps while reaching for a sandwich or a cigarette. And I wander away.

What happens next never varies. Some practical joker finds my filled glass there, and drinks it. He thinks

he's playing a good trick on somebody, but he's really doing me a fine service. When I come back a moment later, I pick up my empty glass and carry it around until someone insists on refilling it. Then I repeat the routine.

Later on, when I return to the mantelpiece, I may find that my glass is still full. But this doesn't faze me. I pick up someone else's empty glass.

Once an eyewitness tried to trip me up. "Gregory, old man," he said, "I'm afraid that's not your glass; yours is the full one up there." I guess I'm not very scrupulous in such a situation, certainly not as ethical as the writer in the *Christian Century*. What did I do? Why, I denounced that full glass as an imposter. The empty glass was my glass. I was vehement about it.

The eyewitness chuckled softly. "All right," he said, "I just wanted to see how adept you are. Confidentially," and here he glanced mischievously around the room, "I'm a reformed alcoholic and I've been watching your technique with professional envy. I've been working that full-glass racket myself."

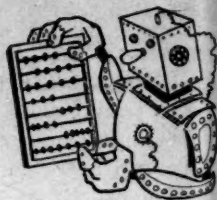
But the finest compliment came toward the end of another party some time later. Just as the hostess was about to refill my glass, a helpful inebriate held up his hand and stopped her. "No more for good old Gregory," he said, thickly. "He's coming over with me and sit down. Had too much. I know. Been watching him. He's had that glass filled up six times already, and the glutton still wants more!"



Custom-Built Genius

By JAMES R. NEWMAN

Condensed from the *New Republic**



JOHN VON NEUMANN, mathematician at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, has a disconcerting way of setting the scientific world on its ear. He often arrives at solutions before others have had a chance to sit down, light a pipe, and think. At the moment, however, he has his hands full, being engaged in the appropriate task of making a machine which will render him partially superfluous.

For the last decade, mathematicians have been quoting three methods for solving difficult mathematical problems. They advise either 1. the postulational approach; 2. heuristic methods; or 3. asking Von Neumann how to do it.

With the assistance of the U. S. Army, Von Neumann is building a calculator which for speed, accuracy, appetite and mental reach will put every living creature and existing calculating machine deep in the shade. It has "memory"; it complains when it gets out of order; engineers speak of its "communication organs," its "anatomy" and its "pathology." As yet this device has no name, although it is rumored that it may be named the Mechanical and Numerical Integrator and Calculator (MANIAC). In any case, it is by no means the first such


device, and to understand it better one should glance over the field, historically and contemporaneously.

In 1642, Blaise Pascal, aged 19, still to become famous as mathematician and philosopher, constructed the first machine for doing arithmetic. By a series of toothed wheels it could add and subtract numbers mechanically, and the feature that Pascal was particularly proud of was the machine's ability to "carry" automatically.

Thirty years later, Leibnitz, inventor at almost the same time as Isaac Newton of the calculus, built a calculating machine which added automatic multiplication to the features already developed by Pascal. Leibnitz saw the immense advantage of freedom from the drudgery of repetitive steps in arithmetic operations. "It is unworthy," he wrote, "of excellent men to lose hours like slaves in the labor of calculation which could be safely relegated to a machine."

Charles Babbage, an English actor, in 1834 designed an arithmetic machine as remarkable as that of Leibnitz. While he never could get adequate support to build his machine full scale, the design was sound and a model worked. Thomas John Watson, of the International Business Machine

*40 E. 49th St., New York City, 17. June 22, 1947.



Corp., who coined the immortal slogan, "Think," is heavily indebted to Babbage for having thought of the basic punch-card concept incorporated in so many Watson machines.

In recent years, especially under military stimulus, computing machines have become fashionable subjects for research. Vannevar Bush built a mechanical calculator for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Dr. Howard H. Aiken and the IBM completed an "automatic, sequenced, general-purpose, digital computing machine," which was handed over to the navy. In 1945 the army developed an electronic numerical integrator and calculator (ENIAC), a behemoth with 18,000 tubes that in silent, ghostlike fashion digested, if nicely fed, fantastic problems and spewed up the correct answers rapidly and without fuss.

ENIAC consists of independent units standing against the walls of a huge room, each unit having one or more switchboard panels, with plug sockets and indicating lamps in front of an array of electronic tubes, relays and other circuit elements at the back. In addition, a few master programming units, attended by operators, are mounted on dollies so that they can be plugged in at different points.

But ENIAC, with its paint still fresh, and eager to work at the proper bidding, is almost ready for the junk heap as obsolete. Von Neumann's second-generation electronic machine (and two built by the National Bureau of Standards for the Census and the Navy Departments) is much better

and has only 1,000 tubes. The days when it was thought 18,000 tubes were necessary are in ancient history.

How do they work? There are two general types, one called "digital" and the other "analog." An analog machine uses some physical quantity (e.g., length, electrical voltage, rotation) to represent a number. The slide rule is a familiar example. The number X is represented by length L ; the number Y by length M . In operating the slide rule, one adds length L to length M and obtains a length, N . This corresponds to a new number, Z , which, in turn, is the product of X times Y . Anyone who has used a slide rule knows the disadvantage of all analog machines: they are not accurate.

The simplest digital calculator is, of course, the set of ten fingers. Nonmechanical digital devices such as the abacus and the Peruvian *quipus*, a rope with knotted lashes, are ancient. Pascal's arithmetic machine, Leibnitz's multiplier, the ordinary desk commercial machine, ENIAC, with its electronic model of a wheel counter, and electronic computers are examples of digitals. The bead on the abacus, the knot on the *quipus*, the toothed wheels, the elements of electronic tubes, all correspond to fingers which can be ticked off by one method or another as part of the monotonous, repetitive process known as counting. With all the fantastic intricacy of modern mathematics, the four fundamental operations of arithmetic—addition, subtraction, multiplication and division—remain as the main avenues for

solving problems. Other disciplines such as algebra, the calculus, and group theory are merely short cuts. If a man had enough time, a good memory and ten fingers (or an abacus), few mathematical problems would balk him. But "enough time" might mean 10,000 years for a problem a machine could do in seven minutes. And his memory would have to be perfect.

Previous methods and machines were good but not marvelous. Even with the best, most problems defied solution and others presented an endless time challenge. The new machines are different.

Electronic machines are unbelievably fast. ENIAC will do a million multiplications in an hour, 150 million in a week. The latest model of an ordinary electrical desk calculator multiplies two numbers, such as $7,318,429 \times 8,149,527,739$, in approximately 10 seconds. This would probably have startled both Babbage and Euclid. ENIAC would do it in one one-hundred-thousandth of one second. At first, this startled even Von Neumann.

At present a typical Bureau of Census calculation problem, tabulating 400,000 U. S. customs declarations each month, takes 1,800 man-hours. A machine built for the Census by the National Bureau of Standards will do the 1,800-hour job in 36.5 hours. The same machine, electronic, of course, will multiply 100,000 pairs of five-digit numbers and sum the product in ten minutes. This used to take, using electrical comptometers, 12 working days,

exclusive of handling cards and punching data. When a man absent-mindedly puts his finger on a red hot stove, it takes about 200,000 micro-seconds (a micro-second is one one-millionth of a second) before he has enough sense to pull it away. An electronic calculator doesn't react that intelligently but it will compute the trajectory of a moving shell in considerably less time than the shell takes to reach its target.

Even more important is the feature known as "automatic sequencing." In simplest terms, this means the machine can be furnished a set of instructions and then given its head.

The machine, having been properly briefed by a code punched into tape or index cards, will perform a programmed task, periodically printing the answers on fresh cards and signaling when it requires fresh instructions. This last is more than a meretricious gadget, for without it the machine would go on and on without cease. But unlike Eddington's monkey-run typewriters, it would not produce, even by chance, the text of *Hamlet*.

Like any complicated mechanism, ENIAC (and its successors) is no better nor stronger than its most minute component. Costing around \$500,000, weighing 30 tons, using 18,000 tubes, miles of wiring and over 500,000 soldered connections, ENIAC will blow a tube just like a \$25 radio and from time to time develop internal organic disorders, occasionally even irrational symptoms corresponding to neuroses. An average machine will not respond until the break has been mended.

But the big electronic calculators may keep running silently despite internal troubles. A berserk machine might give out yards of wrong answers with no one the wiser. This appalling thought, of having a mad Golem on their hands, mad but outwardly sane, haunted the builders. But it now signals when things go wrong and indicates where the trouble lies: a blown tube, a broken connection and so on.

By far their most dramatic and uncanny property is "memory." Thus a series of intermediate results are picked up at appropriate times and used to build the final result. Anyone who has solved the simplest equation will recognize the procedure. The machine programed to tackle immensely difficult problems must store away intermediate results and incorporate them at just the right moment to reach solutions. Just as in dressing one puts on socks first and then shoes, the machine extracts square roots and adds results, when that is the correct procedure.

In ENIAC, intermediate results are stored in boxes known as accumulators. With only a small number of accumulators it remembers relatively few numbers. In later models memory is to be an enlarged electronic counterpart of the numbered boxes. Special-purpose memory tubes "somewhat like the television iconoscope" will be used, and elements of the tube when charged or uncharged will store up ones or zeroes for future use. By using a binary instead of a decimal scale for counting and expressing numbers, the machine

will get along with just one and zero and dispense with other digits.

Thus equipped, the electronic machine is ready for orders like the following: "Take the number in box one; multiply it by the number in box two; take the square root of the product and add to it the number in box five"; or, "add the numbers in the first seven boxes; put the results away in the 8th box; add the number in the 13 boxes and divide the sum by the number in box 85; subtract from this quotient the product of the numbers in boxes 112, 113 and 119; square the remainder; add this square to the sum you left in box 8; put the answer in box 3,442; and let us know when you are finished."

An initial order usually consists of instructions to perform one complete operation, to place the results in a specified memory box, ringing it up as on a cash register, and in that same box instructions for the next step will be found. This old treasure-hunt technique is simply another aspect of automatic sequencing.

More than wooden, rigid instructions may also be issued. Electronic calculators are sufficiently adult to be allowed a measure of judgment as between alternative instructions. In many problems after the first X steps have been completed, the X plus first step will depend upon results already obtained, results which the man instructing the calculator cannot at the outset wholly foresee. Thus an income-tax blank may provide that if medical expenses are over 5% of gross income,

they may be deducted in full; if under 5% they may not be deducted. By ingenious circuiting, the electronic calculator is prepared to receive an order like this: "After the numbers in boxes 247 through 312 have been added and the sum cubed, if the resulting cube is greater than 1 billion, proceed for your next order to box 159; if it is less than 1 billion, go to box 212 and get your orders there." With such "selection" orders available, the versatility of computers is enormously increased, and they can solve almost all problems no matter how involved. It is worth noting that even alternative orders will be executed at a rate of more than 10,000 a second.

Despite their amazing repertory, ENIAC computers have serious limitations. Some are related to the business of instructing the calculator. The feeding of problems is a ritual which demands rigid adherence. Input and output mechanisms are delicate and intricate. ENIAC uses punch cards, the pattern of the punch holes constituting the instructions for the machine. Unfortunately, the punch-card method tends to drag. Current techniques permit reading and writing two cards a second, which so retards computing speed that the machine spends most of its time waiting upon humans, a slow-witted breed, before it can receive or give forth data.

The newest machines like MANIAC use either photographic film or magnetic tape geared to continuous recording devices. Under either set-up, reading and writing speeds of as high as

20,000 digits a second can be achieved. There is promise that additional research may increase this to 100,000 digits a second.

Future MANIAC-type machines will probably be connected with automatic typewriters for use by the operator to transmit changes in instructions and for a machine report to the operator. One other method of output is almost certain to be utilized. Often an answer to a problem is given more conveniently by a curve or graph than by a set of numbers. To meet this need, the calculators will be equipped with viewing scopes, like a television screen, which will display the graph or print it on photographic paper.

Many uses of electronic calculators are known or can be predicted. A problem in ballistics is a good example. To forecast accurately the flight of a bullet or shell entails taking account of such diverse factors as wind direction and velocity, air temperature, rotation of the earth and the spin of the shell. Upon these variables are superimposed others, such as gun position, movement of the gun platform, changing position and velocity of target. Calculating machines are essential for grappling with multi-headed problems.

In general, the contribution of electronic calculators to applied mathematics, that branch of science directed to solving problems of other sciences, already has been significant. For centuries mathematicians have solved physical problems by making deliberately oversimplified assumptions. The

corners of natural phenomena tend to be jagged and irregular, but mathematical concepts are exact. Hence when scientists attempt to fit the available tools, errors are introduced and an attempt is made to offset them in the final result.

Yet, in a sense, such oversimplifications are not necessary. Mathematical methods for solving with fair exactitude the equations of many physical problems are known. But to apply such methods entailed computations so formidable that to attempt them seemed hopeless. Thus while the laws of hydrodynamics are known, the behavior of a stream of water rushing through a curved pipe could not be described by mathematicians save in general terms. The situation is now changed. The electronic calculator can solve in a day problems entailing such labor that the foremost mathematicians and physicists could not have mastered them in years.

Weather forecasting is a prime illustration of a science yielding vague, unsatisfactory results, despite the fact that the physical laws portraying motions and vagaries of clouds, winds, and atmospheric tides are fairly definite. The behavior of a single penny dropped from the hand can be described with accuracy. The behavior of a handful of pennies dropped together in a batch almost defies description. The weather is like a handful of pennies flung over oceans and continents. To solve inordinately complex weather equations is so time-consuming that forecasts based on exhaustive calculations made with-

out electronic computers would become retrospects. Instead of predicting "warm and rainy" a weatherman would have to say, "It rained four years ago on May 12, just as I would have predicted had I finished my calculations on time."

The accounting needs of government agencies and large businesses can also be met by electronic calculators. Immense accumulations of data and statistics can be mined for invaluable information. Continuous inventories, detailed cost analyses, production records can be assembled and analyzed quickly. Medical, economic, sociological, psychological and industrial research stand to make enormous gains through high-speed computing. Design experiments can often be dispensed with if theoretical calculations are a feasible alternative.

Finally, there are strange areas in which the new machines may function, areas which now can hardly be foreseen. Neither ENIAC nor Von Neumann's creation will give out more than has been put into them. Either will only do "strictly and precisely" what it is told to do. But the potentialities of what has been built are not fully understood. As Boltzmann, the physicist, once remarked about analytical geometry, the thing is cleverer than the man who invented it. New insights must be sharpened and new lines opened for imagination. Can ENIAC or MANIAC do our thinking in areas outside mathematics? It depends, in a sense, on the relationship between mathematics and logic, and on the

extent to which ideas, thought processes and the things we say can be "mathematicized."

Mathematicians like Von Neumann believe that circuits can be built into electronic machines which would correspond to any mathematical system. Modern mathematical logic in such works as Whitehead and Russell's *Principia Mathematica* has made astounding progress toward expressing in symbolic and numerical form thought processes (propositions, inferences, conclusions) usually regarded as nonmathematical, and in transforming such symbols as if they were ordinary mathematical expressions. From an amalgam of such efforts, machines may be devised to which one could assign vast drudge areas of the commonplace where even the best minds are compelled to spend hours.

Some see grave danger in this advance, danger that the average man will lose the last vestige of dignity and self-esteem when machines will not only do his work but tell him what to do. The traumatic possibilities are not negligible, as the incident of the Nimatron reveals. This was an electronic machine invented by Dr. E. U. Condon, present director of the National Bureau of Standards, designed as an automaton to play the ancient Chinese game of Nim. Built by Westinghouse, the Nimatron was installed at the World's Fair in 1939, where it took on all comers, defeating everyone but a few who knew the mathematical theory underlying the game and thus

managed a draw. The worst feature was not that the machine always won, but that no matter how long the player pondered his move, the machine clicked out its reply in a thousandth of a second.

Hundreds staggered away daily, dazed and defeated. This not being the way to win friends, Westinghouse persuaded Condon to introduce "delay circuits" into Nimatron's vitals so that it would at least seem to ponder for a few moments after the human player had made his move. There was thereafter a noticeable improvement in the morale of Nim addicts.

Fears of mechanical calculators are, of course, nonsense. However brilliant the future of the electronic calculator, it will remain, except for specialized talents, a zany in comparison with a half-witted boy of 8. As for the problem "man vs. machine," Pascal once delivered himself of an eloquent judgment.

"Man is but a reed, the weakest thing in nature, but he is a reed that thinks. It is not necessary that the whole universe should arm itself to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water, is enough to kill him. But if the universe should crush him, man would still be nobler than that which slays him, for he knows that he dies; but of the advantage which it has over him the universe knows nothing. Our dignity consists, then, wholly in thought. Our elevation must come from this, not from space and time, which we cannot kill."



No commercials!

FM at Fordham

By T. J. McINERNEY



SOME seven miles from Radio City, from which point emanate many of the radio industry's overcommercialized and open-to-criticism offerings, one of the nation's leading Catholic universities has embarked upon a project designed to inject dignity and education into radio broadcasting. Since early July, 1947, Fordham university, with the approval of the Federal Communications commission, has been operating a noncommercial educational FM (frequency modulated) radio station, the first Catholic institution to undertake FM.

WFUV, as Fordham's outlet is known, is on the air six hours daily, seven days a week. With never a singing commercial, double-entendre "joke," sly potion of propaganda nor any of the other "contributions" of commercial radio to mar its presentations, WFUV's programs range from a daily broadcast of the Mass for shut-ins and hospital inmates, through light-comedy skits, operatic and light classical selections, to Associated Press radio reports. The station hadn't been on FM channels a month before the university had amassed an encouragingly large collection of letters and other messages which proved to the satisfaction of everyone concerned that WFUV not only had gathered an audi-

ence, but that there is definitely a feeling on the part of a large segment of the public that there is room for education in radio, a need which has been by-passed or ignored to date by commercial radio interests.

FM is a new development in radio. Known as FM to distinguish it from AM (the amplitude-modulation system of broadcasting), it is an improved sound-broadcasting service developed by Dr. Edwin H. Armstrong and introduced on a limited scale prior to the late war. It has been developed to such an extent since the war's end that practically all new radio sets are adapted to FM reception.

As in the old AM method, the sound of the program in the FM studio is picked up by the microphone, reproduced in electrical currents and amplified. In addition, a high-frequency carrier wave is employed, but the frequency may be nearly 100 or more times as high as the AM broadcasting stations. It is in the combination of the amplified microphone current and the carrier frequency that the AM and FM methods of broadcasting differ basically.

What FM does for the listener is virtually to eliminate static and station interference, thereby creating a "velvety" background of silence which literally makes it possible to broadcast

the proverbial sound of a pin dropping. A person who is able to listen to a symphonic radio broadcast on a conventional radio set and then hear the same program on an FM set will readily appreciate what FM has done for listener enjoyment. Hearing the FM broadcast can best be compared to sitting within easy hearing distance of the broadcasting orchestra. One Sunday morning, shortly after WFUV went on the air, a telephone call came into the university studio in Keating hall, on the magnificent campus just below Bronx park. The speaker wanted to know whether the station was playing a certain symphony at the time. When the answer came in the affirmative, the caller wanted to know what the station was "doing to the symphony."

"It sounds ever so much clearer and more natural than when I play it on my own new recording machine at home," he explained. "You must be doing something extra to it to get *that* tone!"

"*That*," repeated the studio attendant, "is simply FM—frequency modulation."

The Federal Communications commission has set aside 20 bands (88.1-91.9 megacycles) for noncommercial educational FM use; WFUV has channel 211 of the 90.1 megacycle band. The station operates on an actual power output of one kilowatt, but a three-turnstile antenna which rises 200 feet above the ground from the top of Keating hall, one of the highest points in that part of New York City, gives

the station an effective radiate power equivalent to 3.5 kilowatts. Additional broadcasting power comes from a 1,000-watt transmitter.

When Fordham authorities, after long, careful consideration, decided to augment the institution's regular educational program by establishing an FM station, they lost no time in getting the project under way. Application was made to the FCC for licensing in July, 1946. By October, necessary approval had been granted. In December actual construction of studio and antenna was started, but delays in delivery of the specialized materials held off the opening until July 1, 1947. The initial cost of constructing the station was approximately \$50,000, and the first year's operating budget, \$10,000. Construction costs and operating expenses are defrayed through grants to the university, since advertising of any kind is forbidden under the noncommercial educational license granted to WFUV.

In addition to transmitter and antenna, the station consists of the usual studio consolette, two transcription turntables (which will never, it is pledged, fall under the influence of "disc jockeys"), frequency and frequency modulation monitors and other allied equipment, a dozen microphones, a control room, two studios, and small offices for the director and his staff.

Direct wires connect the control room with three other campus locations. One runs to the famous Fordham Blue chapel, from which Mass is

broadcast each morning at 9:45, with the intonations of priest and server plainly heard, while a commentator describes each step in the Mass. Another direct wire runs to the Convocation hall, which seats 400 persons, and the third connects with another lecture hall seating 200. Eventually, direct wires will also run to the gymnasium, to make possible broadcasts of basketball games; to Fordham field, the stadium on the campus, from which football and other contests will be broadcast; and to other points.

Responsibility for operation and programming of WFUV has been entrusted to Father Richard F. Grady, S.J., formerly of Loyola college, who not long ago was appointed director of the newly created Department of Communication Arts at Fordham. Before receiving the latter appointment, Father Grady had completed nearly four years as an army chaplain in the ETO. He was awarded the *Croix de Guerre* and *Médaille de la Reconnaissance* for his work during the liberation of Paris. He held the rank of major when he was discharged.

During nine years at Loyola, prior to the war, Father Grady became well known in Catholic art, theater, and music circles. He was largely responsible for Loyola's successful productions of *Cenedoxus*, *Our Town*, and other plays, as well as the establishing of the Loyola College playshop.

Now in his early 40's and with the lean figure of an athlete, Father Grady entertains no illusions regarding the responsibility which is his nor of the

problems he will have to face in improving the qualities of broadcasting while at the same time eliminating its obvious and much-publicized shortcomings.

Father Grady has a theory that radio as a means of communication should give "formation to the community as well as information." To help give that formation he has arranged a variety of programs, including forums on labor problems, foreign-language classes, lectures on public health, historical sketches, dramatic geography lessons, and even bedtime stories for children. The latter are broadcast each evening by Godfrey Schmidt, a labor attorney who lectures at Fordham. As a parent, Mr. Schmidt got tired of hearing the "thriller" stories which came out of his own radio and which were avidly listened to by his own four children. He talked to Father Grady about it one day, and found a responsive listener; the director of WFUV invited him to broadcast dramatized fairy stories for youngsters during the dinner hour. Parents with FM sets have deluged the WFUV station with pleas for the continuance of the program as a welcome antidote for the "thrillers."

The broadcast of daily Mass from the Blue chapel is also productive of a large volume of fan mail. A woman living on Long Island, who wrote that she hasn't been able to leave her home for 12 years because of illness, described her great joy at being able to hear once again "so clearly and naturally" the beautiful words of the Mass.

When Father Grady found himself

with an open half-hour in his Sunday afternoon broadcasting schedule, he filled it in with a Chaplain's Round Table as an experiment. Former chaplains of the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish faiths, with a moderator, conduct an informal, unrehearsed discussion of a topic of interest to veterans and their families. Typical of the subjects selected for these FM forums have been: "Shall We Bring Back the (Military) Dead?" "Should We Admit the DP's?" and "Universal Military Training—Shall We Have It?" It has become a routine matter for the telephone in Father Grady's office to ring continuously for an hour after the conclusion of the program. The voices on the other end belong to veterans who have recognized a familiar voice among the chaplains.

Although WFUV is the only college in the metropolitan New York area with FM facilities, Father Grady does not intend to make it an "all-Fordham" station. Other colleges in New York have been offered and have accepted time on the station, and programs will also be presented by public and parochial secondary schools. Community and civic organizations, labor and management groups, and others will take part in forums.

WFUV is not student-controlled, nor is it an intramural extracurricular activity. "Fordham university is a private institution of higher learning, controlled by members of the Catholic Church," explains Father Grady, "and WFUV as a 'voice of the university' will naturally reflect this character.

And while WFUV is not a religious broadcast station, nor an instrument of religious propaganda, no educational program may be considered as complete unless it gives adequate recognition to religion."

The university's policy with respect to religious broadcasts provides that at no time shall "distinctively religious programs" average more than 15% of the total schedule. At no time may such programs be "polemical in nature or subject matter." Besides the daily Mass broadcast, which runs for 30 minutes, a regular daily WFUV feature is the Sacred Heart program, consisting of devotional music, a short sermon, and a prayer. This program immediately precedes the Mass broadcast and is beamed more or less directly to the shut-ins and hospital patients for whom the Mass program is intended. WFUV is on the air daily from 9 A.M. to 11 A.M. and from 4 P.M. to 8 P.M. Into those six hours of broadcast time Father Grady and his associates contrive to pack a lot of variety, inspiration, education, and religion.

Although WFUV is supposedly limited to a radius of 50 miles from the Fordham campus, letters have been received from listeners 100 miles away.

Father Grady and other Fordham officials, all Jesuits are keenly aware that there is much to be done before their station even begins to progress toward its objective of putting education in radio. They estimate that at least five years of experimenting and hard work lie ahead before they will be able to judge the merits of WFUV

in proper perspective. If, at the end of that time, they can lay claim to five or six *new* programs patterned along educational lines, they will feel satisfied that the station is fulfilling its aims and doing something tangible in the direction of better radio.

The most recent report of the FCC indicates that there are approximately 70 FM radio stations in operation or ready to begin. Almost 600 other stations have been authorized and hundreds of applications are pending. Two-thirds of existing AM stations have applied for FM licenses. Radio

experts anticipate that by 1950 there will be 500 or more FM stations. This year, radio manufacturers are expected to produce more than 2 million FM sets. Newspaper interest in FM is reflected in the applications filed by more than 200 newspaper publishers for permission to operate stations as adjuncts to publications. Looking at the national picture and reflecting on the widespread interest being shown by the listening public in the output of their station, Father Grady and his associates have every reason to face the future with confidence.



I have planted, Apollo watered, but . . .

PERRY HAYDEN, a Quaker miller of Tecumseh, Mich., set out in 1940 to illustrate the sixth verse of the third chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians.

He started with a cubic inch of wheat seed, planted in a plot four feet by eight feet. A year later he harvested the wheat, deducting ten percent of the wheat as a tithe to the church. He then planted the balance in the following year. The second, third and fourth years he deducted the tithe and replanted the balance of each crop. Last year's crop, which was the fifth, had grown from the original cubic inch to 230 acres and netted 5,555 bushels. The sixth and final year of the demonstration required 2,300 acres of land. "If continued for nine years," said Mr. Hayden, "it would require all the land of West Virginia, and in ten years it would cover the U.S." It is estimated that the thirteenth year would cover the whole globe; all starting with a cubic inch of wheat, a little faith, and God's promise of increase.

Social Justice Review quoted in the *Liguorian* (Aug. '47).

With infinite tact

How to live with a **NERVOUS PERSON**

By JOHN F. OLIVEN, M.D.

Condensed from *Your Health**



EVERY year tens of thousands of marriages, friendships, and business associations end on the rocks because one of the partners is so "nervous" that the other finds it impossible to go on living with him or her.

Being nervous, of course, does not mean being ready for a padded cell. Doctors classify as nervousness all ways of feeling, thinking, and living which make it difficult for a person to be in harmony with himself, his work, or the people around him.

Nervousness is widespread. In fact, various medical authorities estimate the number in this country who suffer from minor nervous ailments (that is, excluding insanity proper) runs anywhere from 5% to 15% of the total population.

Tension, fear, and restlessness are the most frequent symptoms. Sufferers are unable to concentrate; they worry over little things, and have a gloomy outlook on life. In addition there are physical signs for which even the most careful examination can find no organic basis. Headaches, dizziness, feelings of pressure, numbness, and palpitations in the heart region are frequent. Nervous persons feel chronically fa-

tigued, weak, and unable to rouse themselves to any prolonged effort.

A typical case, a young man, described his condition in these words: "I have fears when walking in the street. My heart begins to beat fast. I am afraid of dying, of being alone, even afraid of going out with friends. I'd like to stay in my room all day, but then the loneliness scares me and I roam the street until, afraid of meeting someone, I rush back to my room."

Many nervous persons get along well with their fellow men. They bother no one. The battle between themselves and their "nerves" is confined to the secrecy of their inner lives. But there are others whose nervousness makes them moody, quarrelsome, or oddly suspicious. Often they are unbearably jumpy with tension, lack steadfastness, and are irresponsible about their own affairs and those of their friends and associates. Others find a peculiar satisfaction in stirring up hostility, in fault-finding, baiting, attacking or criticizing without visible reason.

No matter how gentle your disposition, such a person is hard to live with. You resolve to remain patient and

*227 E. 44th St., New York City, 17. Summer, 1947.

sympathetic, but the average nervous person will eventually arouse your resentment, embarrass you before your friends, and generally threaten your peace of mind. You cannot help thinking that he would be all right if he would pull himself together. But it would do no good. From the experience of endless thousands of cases it has been shown that no amount of moral pressure, no appeal to self-respect, no "kidding along," however skillfully conducted, can separate the nervous person from his troubles.

A married nurse who worked in a large hospital for chronic cases had become exasperated with her husband's constant worrying and complaining about trifles. Although she was aware that he was suffering from a nervous condition which doctors call hypochondriasis, difficult to cure, she thought that by holding the real sufferings of her patients up to him for comparison she could rid him of his troubles.

Instead he became even more anxiety-ridden and worrisome. He felt that his wife did not take his condition as seriously as it deserved. He took to brooding over the similarity of symptoms between some of the hospital patients and himself. After a few weeks of this agitation he became so disturbed that a psychiatrist had to be consulted.

Sometimes such shotgun methods of curing result in more serious complications. A young soldier who had been discharged as a case of battle breakdown found himself unable to

concentrate on any given task, no matter how hard he tried. He could not hold a job for more than a few days.

His young wife, partly in anger, partly in an ill-advised attempt to be helpful, kept pointing to other discharged soldiers. "They have gone through just as much," she insisted. "Look at them—they got over it. Why can't you?"

One day, soon thereafter, he threw himself in front of a rushing subway train. "I did not know what to do any more," he explained a few days later from a hospital bed where he was recovering from a leg amputation. "They thought I did not want to work."

Each case of nervousness is different, of course, but there are some general rules, applicable to all, on how to deal sensibly with a nervous person. The main thing is to keep your own emotions on an even, friendly keel. Check your angry reactions, your scathing remarks, and don't tease or contradict out of sheer resentment. Anger feeds on anger; and out of anger grows anxiety and shattered peace of mind, for yourself. To avoid contagion with a nervous person's tensions, worries, and irritations, "pull down the shade" between him and yourself whenever his symptoms begin to get on your nerves. Make it your business to know the moods and symptoms of your nervous companion to the slightest detail. You will soon learn that there are times when it is best for you to pay little or no attention to his outbursts and despondencies.

There falls upon the relatives and

close friends of every nervous person the obligation to keep unnecessary upsets away from him, and to do all in their power to smooth out the wrinkles of his daily routine. Food and sleep are among the most important items you will have to consider in this connection. Some nervous persons have poor appetites; others, out of gnawing anxiety, stuff themselves between meals to an incredible degree. The way to regulate their food intake is not through nagging. Tasty meals, properly spaced and properly varied, should be ready with clocklike regularity, regardless of whether they are eaten or not.

One wife, discouraged by her nervous husband's poor eating habits, gave up cooking regular meals. "What's the use?" she complained. "He hardly ever touches them, and all the good food is going to waste." Her husband lost weight rapidly and finally had to enter a hospital as a full-blown case of "psychological self-starvation."

A despondent or gloomy person who does not care for company or diversions, should be guarded against brooding himself into a complete rut.

Noises, too, play an important part among the everyday occurrences which may cause distress. This includes sharp, sudden shrieks or detonations, as well as continued or fitful noises of every description. Often the trouble is not so much in the nerves of the ear, but in feelings of impotent anger, of unwanted intrusion of the outer world, mingled with a flash of resentment and a trace of self-pity, which cause

the complex reaction. A writer, whose nerves had been on edge for some time, used to spend the morning hours writing in his study. The vacuum cleaner used by the maid every day at a certain hour in the next room irritated him. In fact, two maids, caught between his wife's orders to clean and the husband's temper outbursts, quit in a huff.

The next maid used a native sense of psychology: every morning she asked his permission to use the machine, and she advised him promptly when she had finished the chore. Although she stuck to the same time schedule as the previous maids, and made the same amount of noise, the writer did not feel imposed upon by her, and things went smoothly. What had happened was that the clever girl had built up in him the vague assurance that he could control and stop the noise if he wanted to. That no surprises nor uncertainties were involved, and that his affliction was receiving due consideration, quite naturally soothed his nerves.

Nervous persons can be lived with. Experience has shown that the best way of speeding them back to a normal, healthy adjustment is for their family and their friends to rally about them in sympathetic support. But here, as in all matters of living, you should know where to draw the line. In cases where it is obvious that the person is mentally ill, sympathy alone will not do the trick. Then it will be necessary to fall back on expert medical advice or even institutional care.

Aquinas Speaks Again

By JOSEPH J. HARNETT

Condensed from the *New Scholasticism**

ANARCHY reigned in the domain of human knowledge when Leo XIII proposed to himself to restore philosophy to a firm foundation. Experimental science and the experimental method were being worshiped as infallible guides to truth.

Many Catholics had held themselves aloof from the natural sciences lest they be tainted with the errors into which many men of their time had fallen. As the years passed, the experimentalists, who had heaped ridicule upon Scholasticism, had forced Catholic philosophers into the false position of complete isolation from the sciences.

On Aug. 4, 1879, Leo issued his encyclical, *Aeterni Patris*; in which he proclaimed the necessity of rebuilding the edifice of human thought on the ruins of the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas. He pointed out the benefit that physical science was to derive from the restoration of the philosophy of the saint. It was not sufficient, he said, for the scientist to observe the physical manifestations of nature. He must also arrive at conclusions concerning the nature of the material things and the laws which govern them in their unity and variety. The essential work of the new school must be living; it must be method, and

spirit, rather than doctrine. There is no opposition between this philosophy and the development of the natural sciences; any assertion that there is a conflict is in direct contradiction with the great schoolmen of the Middle Ages. St. Thomas and St. Albert the Great, as well as the other leaders of the School had constantly taught that the mind can rise to a knowledge of immaterial and incorporeal things only by study of physical phenomena.

His ideas about this undertaking were characteristic of the man. He wanted a living, vibrating philosophy that would embrace all learning, that would be up to date on scientific discoveries. He desired that the philosophers of his own age should go back to the masters of the 13th and 14th centuries and take up where they had left off, in their spirit, with their will for truth, with their comprehension of the divine plan, and with their understanding of the world in which they lived.

On Christmas, 1880, he directed a brief to the bishops of Belgium in which he requested them to establish at the University of Louvain a course devoted to the instigation of the teachings of St. Thomas.

He was convinced that if he was to

*Catholic University of America, Washington, 17, D. C. October, 1944.

remedy the social anarchy into which the world had collapsed, it would be necessary to provide a remedy for the anarchy which reigned in the world of ideas: science and faith must be united anew; the University of Louvain must be the scene of the effort. As Papal Nuncio to Belgium in his earlier days, Leo knew that Louvain was the national seat of education and culture; that it offered all the literary, scientific, and professional courses, with all the rights of a state institution, in the center of the civilized world; that it was at once both Catholic and free. It was a secular institution with a Catholic heritage and a Catholic atmosphere. It was perfectly fitted for the development of the new program.

Father Desiré Joseph Mercier was, at the time, teaching philosophy at Malines seminary and he was the choice of the bishops of Belgium to head this great undertaking.

Mercier saw eye to eye with the Holy Father. Catholics, he said, had lived long enough in scientific isolation, and it was now necessary that they make themselves heard in the world of scientific progress. Harm to faith arises from the belief that there is a real opposition between faith and science. The faithful are divided into antagonistic groups, the one group which tends to observe a blind obedience to the dictates of religion, the other, which arrogates to itself a monopoly on free thought and knowledge.

The argument of authority, he said, is the basis on which most men found

their religious convictions. Formerly most of the intellectual elite of the world were believers, and because of this fact the common people also found it easy to agree with religious truth. Today, however, a great many of those who pass for representatives of science are either unbelievers or indifferent. The result is that the uninitiated, likewise, are often too ready to question what they are either incapable of understanding because of the lack of scientific training, or that which they do not *de facto* understand, because they have never taken the necessary time and trouble to investigate the basis on which the Christian religion is founded. The authority, therefore, of scientific men is something that can be of help to religion, and Catholic philosophy is the means of attraction. The Church must regain its lost position of scientific prestige.

And just as this scientific isolation is harmful to faith, so also it is harmful to science. Reason and faith have the same Author, and science and doctrine were made to be united. Faith prepares reason and leads sincere souls to itself, strengthens the footsteps of the man of science, stops him in time at the edge of the precipice, traces the limits within which is found enclosed the truth which he wishes to demonstrate to himself or which he wishes to discover. It would be useless to hope that philosophy will lead the men of science *en masse* into the Christian religion, that is certain, but there are some among them who follow with interest, although perhaps from a dis-

tance, the march of Christian thought, and these men are always ready to be influenced.

In attempting his restoration of Scholasticism, Mercier was deeply convinced that this philosophy is the only one that completely explains the facts of physical science. This is certainly true of experimental psychology. Aristotle and the Schoolmen taught that man is a composite substance consisting of an immaterial soul and a material body. In this composite being, the higher functions are actually dependent upon the lower. Neo-Scholastics teach that psychology and physiology are one and the same science, and not two separate, much less, opposed, sciences.

Aristotle believed that the higher is known only after the lower and through an understanding of the lower; but at the same time it is in the higher that the *raison d'être* and the true causes of the lower must be found. Scholastics adopt these principles and build up a science of psychology which is closely and intimately connected with physiology. Scientists are finding that this is the only plausible conclusion to be drawn from the study of experimental psychology.

The young professor knew well the Thomistic teachings from a theological point of view. But changes would have to be made if he were to interest the lay world and lay students in a modernized version of 13th century philosophy and ideas.

When in October, 1882, Mercier was about to open his new courses,

many feared that the new professor would be teaching in an empty classroom, and out of compassion for him, the theologians of the seminary courses went to his classes. The pessimists, however, never made a greater mistake, for the success of the new studies surpassed the founders' fondest dreams. The students knew and appreciated their young professor even more than did his fellow faculty members. As a result, Mercier rapidly became one of the most remarkable personalities in the university. The students sought him out to request his direction, as well in moral as in intellectual matters. Mercier began to play the role that was to make him the head of the new school and of a group of new disciples for the next quarter of a century.

To say that the task to which Mercier had been assigned was immense is describing the situation with extreme brevity. He soon discovered it would be necessary to enlarge the scope of the teaching already undertaken; to develop extensively the particular branches of philosophy; to leave no question untouched. The work was beyond the capabilities of one man and of one lifetime. But it was not too much for the indefatigable spirit of the young philosopher.

Unable to do full justice to his gigantic task alone, and being, likewise, unable to find collaborators of his own mind on the university teaching staff, Mercier realized that it was up to him to find the men he needed among his own pupils. From this source he obtained the invaluable assistance of four

men whose names have long since become famous in the world of philosophy: Deploige, DeWulf, Nys, and Thiery; and to these faithful interpreters of his own mind he distributed a share of the flourishing courses which he had inaugurated. In the first few years of his teaching, Mercier had compared the philosophies of Taine, Spencer, and Kant with that of St. Thomas and had demonstrated the concordance of Scholasticism with the most varied tenets of modern science.

However, to enter upon the research and study which modern science required, long years of specialization and personal research would be necessary. If a philosophy of the sciences was to be developed, it would be necessary for the professor of philosophy to be an expert on the science itself, as well as in the philosophy. This could be done only in an institution in which the professors of philosophy might work hand in hand with the scientists. To achieve such an arrangement, Mercier developed the *Institut supérieur de philosophie ou l'Ecole Saint-Thomas d'Aquin*. In 1894, on March 7, the *Institut* received its charter, and had its position in the university defined by papal brief.

During this period, after his assignment to the task of restoring the philosophy of the Schools and before his episcopal consecration in 1906, Mercier gave to the world his treatises on philosophy. By 1905 there were four editions. Nor was Mercier content to bury the wisdom of Scholasticism in the schoolroom and wait for his students to spread it abroad. He founded, and

directed until he was elevated to the episcopacy, the *Revue Néo-Scholastique*. To this review he was a frequent contributor. Mercier was a remarkably facile writer, and could write an article for the review or a chapter for one of his books completely and entirely at one sitting. Writing was an essential activity of the vital, pulsating thing that he wanted his new institute to be. In fulfilling this part of his task, consequently, he spared neither himself nor his disciples.

In 1906, Mercier was called by the Pope to fill the vacant primatial See of his native land. This was a striking triumph for the institution which Mercier had founded, as well as for himself; and when Mercier turned his task over to the able and competent Deploige, that institute was firmly established. The institute now publishes four reviews, owns a printing establishment, and possesses four laboratories. Its graduates have passed from the scene of their scholastic labors to all the countries of Europe and America and have done work of inestimable value in philosophy.

Mercier's work in the field of pure philosophy ended in 1906, but he was not to leave the field of practical philosophy until he died. The future held great things for him and, especially during the trying years of 1914-1918, when he was to act the part of the guardian angel of Belgium, he was to have daily use for the philosophy he had taught for many years.

From him we learn that philosophic thought is not a completed work, it is

living like the mind which conceives it. It is not a sort of mummy that has been buried in a tomb around which we mount guard; but a young, living organism, which personal activity must always feed to insure its perpetual growth and development. Philosophy is the most complete explanation we can possibly find of the universe in which we live. The sciences begin this explanation; they study it in a particular domain. Philosophy comes after them as the heir of their results; tries to understand them better by attaching them to simpler and, consequently, more evident principles; attempts to affirm their certitude by a more profound reflection; and thus seeks to establish among all the branches of human knowledge an order of logical subordination which is an expression, at once faithful and sure, of the whole of the known world.

In this conception, philosophy is above all systems, it is a unity of thought, not immobilized, but in continual movement. It is the growing fruit of the efforts of each succeeding generation in the history of mankind.

Philosophy is not only an actual science, but is the natural development of the physical sciences and has truth for its object. There is only one law which dominates the human mind: it observes and analyzes facts, seeks to draw from them causes, and to explain facts by causes. No time is more propitious for philosophy as the natural complement of science than the present, since no age has ever been more favored with scientific progress than our own.

The fact that one is for Aristotle or St. Thomas, for Kant or Comte, means only that one considers this or that philosophy as the most adequate explanation of human knowledge; it does not mean that any system of philosophy can be the completed monument of human thought before which the mind has only to prostrate itself in a sterile contemplation. Old ideas must be sacrificed the moment they are proven manifestly false by an observed fact. Catholic philosophers love science, cultivate it in schools of philosophy, and must always endeavor to do so with increasing effort.

Etymology Lesson

*I*N Newport, Vermont, as late as 1890, a powerful sermon was preached against "sucking soda" and eating ice cream in drugstores on the Sabbath; and in certain Midwest towns laws were passed against the abomination, and the selling of soda water on Sunday was prohibited. Druggists quickly devised the practice of selling, on Sundays, ice cream with syrups added. This soda-less soda was called a Sunday soda, and presently became popular on weekdays as well. Out of respect to the cloth some cynical druggist changed the spelling to *sundae*. From *Lost Men of American History* by Stewart H. Holbrook (Macmillan, 1946).

Best in the West

A Teacher

By SOLOMON LIPP



Named Pedro

Condensed from
*Hispania**

MANY innovations in teaching, usually ascribed to later educators and philosophers, belong rightfully to a modest, unassuming Franciscan lay Brother who can truthfully be called America's first educator.

Peeter Van der Moere was born in Flanders, in the city of Ghent; his name is more widely used in a Latinized form, Pedro de Gante. He is said to have been a blood relative of Charles V, with whom he often corresponded, describing in great detail the hectic existence of a missionary who tried to educate the Mexican Indians in the face of a world which held that Indians needed no education.

Gante arrived in the New World in 1523, together with two other friars of his Order. In that same year he founded the first school on the American continent, the mission school for Indians at Tetzecoco, Mexico. Here Gante was to spend the rest of his life. It was here too, that he encountered the belief, generally held among the Spaniards of his day, especially by landowners who thrived on cheap Indian labor, that it was dangerous to educate the lower classes because it might make them too ambitious; it might make the native dissatisfied with his lot and,

therefore, less desirable as a laborer.

To win natives over to the new faith and take them away from their worship involving human sacrifice, Gante and his fellow teachers practically became Indians, learning the native tongue, mingling with the natives, playing their games, taking part in their conversations, breaking down suspicions, and jotting down in their vocabulary notebooks the strange new sounds.

Gante was a stutterer. In spite of this, it seems that the Indians understood him better than did the Spaniards. Roughly and forcibly, against his protests, the Spanish soldiers would drag for miles hundreds of native boys to Gante's school, because the king had issued an edict that all natives were to be converted. Tied hand and foot, they were thrown into the new school and forced to stay there day and night. Gante was horrified. He was tempted to return to Flanders, but resisted.

Gante had studied carefully the ceremonies, customs and folk ballads of the natives. Now he proceeded to turn these subtly to his own use, changing them here and there, and adapting them to the Catholic religion. He had mastered the intricate hieroglyphic sys-

*George Washington University, Washington, 6, D. C. May, 1947.

tem of the Aztecs; now he imitated it, himself painting figures and religious symbols to represent the ideas he wished to express to his pupils. The result was amazing. Within a few months he had 1,000 pupils. Making use of such "modern," "progressive" techniques as "visual education" and "object teaching," he gave them statuettes, from which they were to paint pictures on the shawls they wore at religious festivals. He called them *libreas*, because they served to liberate the natives from the fears of their ancient religion. He used their music, dances, songs, and poetry, infusing them with new Christian content. Indians now considered it a disgrace not to be worthy of participation in a *fiesta* or ceremony. His pupils no longer sought to elude him.

Gante was apparently a great believer in "correlation" and "multiple-sense appeal." The Indians learned not only how to sing liturgical chants, but also how to compose carols to organ accompaniment. Being a musically minded people, they soon mastered the art of making and playing most of the Spanish instruments, and enriched their own native melodies with the more intricate harmonies of European origin. Correlation went still further. Soon the natives were building houses, churches, and chapels.

"Manual training" and "vocational education" entered the picture. Gante's workshops were beehives of activity. A school of arts and crafts flourished, and was soon the talk of the land. The mission began to turn out shoemakers, tailors, and carpenters. "Individual dif-

ferences" were also recognized by Gante. "Homogeneous grouping" became necessary. Gante adapted the type, grade, quality, and kind of education suitable to each group. Next to the humble laborers worked masons who later erected models of plateresque architecture; sculptors of wood and stone, who carved out images of saints and created finely chiseled crosses and pulpits; painters and decorators of the church interior; future government officials, recruited chiefly from the Indian nobility, who were to be in charge of the native towns.

Gante organized religious brotherhoods, each of which was responsible for the celebration of a certain *fiesta* or ceremony. Brotherhood members elected their own officers.

Just as "activity programs" characterized Gante's mission school three centuries before Froebel, just as Gante's "object teaching" preceded Pestalozzi by 250 years, Gante created the first national normal school for the training of teachers 300 years before Horace Mann organized his state normal schools. He selected about 50 of the most advanced Indian boys, taught them separately, instructed them in their duties, prepared and worked out sermons in "project" fashion, and sent them out to preach and teach on Sundays throughout the country in the different towns and villages.

Gante believed that no one could be a teacher without first learning from his students, without first putting himself in their place. His methods of teaching, his whole educational phi-

losophy, were centuries ahead of his own time, which was an age that emphasized memory, drill, and repetition, reinforced by corporal punishment as a matter of normal routine.

Gante's method of "object teaching," based as it was on "sense perception," was a direct forerunner of our so-called "modern," "up-to-date" methods of teaching.



This Struck Me

IT ISN'T often that a purely secular book drives home a powerful spiritual fact, as Marjorie Carleton has done in vividly showing the rejection of actual grace by a dying person. Her indictment of a presumptuous soul stands as a striking reminder that one cannot defer the acceptance of a proffered grace. It may not be offered again; it may, indeed, be one's last.*

As the woods darkened she breathed more easily. When that one thin ray of sunlight vanished, it would be night; and she had always been able to sleep at night, as Marie had once pointed out. Tonight wouldn't be any different, would it? She suppressed a little stir of uneasiness. She felt more comfortable every moment and it would be stupid to mumble a confession and regret it later; equally stupid to weaken oneself by questioning, even inwardly, the whole structure of a life. Besides there were those lines she had always remembered from her English textbook, lines about a man who had been killed when he was thrown from his horse: "Between the stirrup and the ground, he mercy sought and mercy found." One could, she pointed out to Marie with amused contempt, repent between yawns, so to speak—if it proved expedient. Tedious years weren't necessary. And even the slightest onset of tortured breathing would give her ample warning. Marie's anxious face went away.

It was restful to lie and watch the gnats dance in the ray of sunlight. It wasn't necessary to look ahead too far. One should, for instance, look ahead only ten breaths. And when those were finished, one should start on the next ten. And so on, until it was night and one slept. It would be easy if it were done that way. Beneath the oxygen tent, she began to count drowsily: one two three four five six seven. And the seventh breath was as easy and determined as the rest; but no more, so.

Its only distinction lay in the fact that it was the last.

**In The Swan Sang Once (1947: William Morrow & Co., N. Y. \$2.50.)*

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.



The Passionists

By FIDELIS RICE, C.P.



IT was towards evening, November 22, 1720, that a young man knelt before the Bishop of Alessandria in the Province of Piedmont, Italy. Slowly a heavy black tunic of coarse wool was placed upon him. About his waist a plain piece of rope was tied. His feet were bare. He wore neither coat nor cape, and his head was uncovered. As he rose slowly to his feet he put aside his family name, and assumed the title of Paul of the Cross. Thus was born the Congregation of the Passion, or, as it is more commonly known, the Passionists.

When Saint Paul of the Cross wrote the rule of the Passionists he brought into being not so much a new Religious Order as a new Order of Religious. It was the genius of Paul of the Cross to fuse into a harmonious unity what seemed to be psychologically opposed modes of life: the intense activity of the apostolic career, and the prayerful solitude of the contemplative. It was to be an Order of missionaries whose missionary work would be the overflow of contemplation, but never a substitute for it.

Paul Francis Daneo was born in Ovada, Italy, Jan. 3, 1694. From the first he manifested an extraordinary devotion to the Passion and death of

Christ. While we need not attach too great an importance to the fact, his biographers tell us that his mother could still his childish crying and complaints by reminding him of the sufferings of Christ upon the Cross.

When Paul was 26 years of age he was granted a vision "not in the body, but in God," in which he beheld himself clothed in a robe of somber black, with an emblem upon his breast consisting of a white heart surmounted by a cross. Within the heart were inscribed the words, "The Passion of Jesus Christ." At the same time he heard within him the words, "This signifies how pure and spotless that heart should be which must bear the holy name of Jesus engraved upon it." In a later vision the blessed Virgin appeared to him, clothed in the black tunic which Paul had already seen. On her breast she wore the Passionist emblem, with three nails within the heart. Our Lady explained to Paul that he should found a Congregation in which the members would be clothed in black as a mark of mourning for the death of her Son. It was after this vision that Paul received the habit from the Bishop of Alessandria, Monsignore di Gattinara.

After his investiture in the habit, Paul of the Cross retired to a miserable

little room beneath the sacristy of Saint Charles church in Castelazzo, where he made a 40-day retreat characterized by the most rigorous mortification and austerity. Here he wrote the rule of the Passionists. It is no small tribute to the religious genius of Paul that that rule, written in five days, at the very beginning of his Religious life, was not altered in any substantial point after a most exhaustive examination by the Holy See.

The Passionist life embraces the finest features of the traditional monasticism of the West together with the active apostolate of the purely missionary societies. Dominating the home life and constituting the heart of the monastic observance is the Divine Office in choir. Although Paul did not impose the Divine Office upon his Religious as a strict public obligation to the Church, his rule specifies that the choir observance may be dispensed only for an urgent necessity.

Passionists rise for Matins at two o'clock in the morning. One hour is devoted to this portion of the Office. They retire at three o'clock to rise at six for Prime and Tierce. This is followed by an hour of mental prayer and celebration of holy Mass. After a simple breakfast of bread and coffee the Passionist retires to his cell for study and to prepare for the work of missions and retreats.

An hour before the noon-day meal the bell is rung for spiritual reading, that reflective reading of some aspect of the spiritual life which is a most necessary adjunct of the life of prayer.

The time for spiritual reading is followed by a solitary walk in the garden. Sext and None in choir follow, and then the noon meal, which is always taken in silence. The Passionist rule imposes a strict silence at meals which may never be dispensed for any reason whatever, except by the Sovereign Pontiff. During the meal some appropriate book is read aloud, to which all listen as they eat.

After the midday meal a period of recreation in common follows for 45 minutes. Silence is imposed all day except for the recreation period. After the recreation an hour is given to rest, as partial compensation for the loss of sleep during the night Office. At the conclusion of this hour of rest the bell is rung for Vespers in choir. This is followed by spiritual reading in common. Then the Religious retire once again to their cells for study and the work assigned to them. Towards the latter part of the afternoon the bell sounds again for a solitary walk in the monastic garden. This is followed by Compline, the concluding portion of the Divine Office for the day, and then an hour of mental prayer.

A moderate evening meal is served, again in silence, which is followed by the evening recreation period of 45 minutes. Then night prayers and the night's rest, until it is time for Matins again.

The Passionist life is essentially a life of solitude, prayer, penance and poverty. On his deathbed Paul of the Cross exhorted his religious family, "I recommend to all continually to pre-

serve and foster in the Congregation the spirit of prayer, the spirit of solitude, and the spirit of poverty. Be certain that if these things are maintained the Congregation shall shine as the sun in the sight of God and men."

Dominating every phase of Passionist life and activity is devotion to the Passion and death of Christ. From the moment when our Lady first revealed to Paul that devotion to the Passion of her Son was to be the great objective of his Congregation, love for the Crucified became the consuming object of his life. The Passionist binds himself by a special vow to do all in his power to cultivate in his own life and to enkindle in the hearts of others devotion to the Passion of Jesus. Therefore, in a special way the preaching of the Passion is the main objective of the Passionist Congregation. The special work of the Passionists is the preaching of parish missions and retreats, together with retreats to priests and Religious. Passionists do not conduct schools or colleges except for the training of their own subjects. They do not engage in the work of parish priests, except in churches attached to their own monasteries. They do, in accordance with the express desire of Saint Paul of the Cross, engage in foreign missions. The Passionists in the U. S. have missions in China and among the colored in the South. It is a source of pride to the American Congregation that the first Americans to shed their blood in the foreign missions were three Passionists.

Deeply rooted in the Passionist tradi-

tion is the legacy of prayer. Paul of the Cross was one of the greatest mystics of the 18th century, and his letters on prayer and the interior life are redolent of the classic treatment of Tauler, John of the Cross and Teresa of Avila. He himself received the sublime grace of transforming union, or the "mystical marriage," when he was only 28 or 29 years old. It is only natural that he insists that his spiritual sons should be men of prayer. His rule insists that even in the midst of the active ministry prayer should never be neglected. Constantly the Passionist rule repeats the theme: the Passionist must be a man of prayer.

In an age which tends to dismiss prayer and the practices of the interior life as so much waste of time, and which overemphasizes the importance of activity, the Passionist life repeatedly proclaims the basic necessity of prayer, both the public prayer of the Church, the Liturgy, and personal recollection in God called mental prayer.

For the safeguarding of this spirit of prayer, Paul of the Cross prescribed that his monasteries be built in places of solitude. Even when they may be in close proximity to busy communities, there must always be enough property to provide for the spirit of solitude and for quiet, prayerful walks in the garden.

As a natural outgrowth of this spirit of solitude and quiet, Passionist monasteries provide an ideal setting for houses of closed retreat for laymen. Paul of the Cross himself prescribed that rooms be set aside for use of re-

treatants. In most Passionist monasteries in the U. S. spacious retreat houses have been built adjoining the monastery, where laymen may come for a week end of reflective solitude, and devote themselves to a retreat preached by the Passionist Fathers. These retreats are conducted throughout most of the year in Passionist retreat houses.

In the turmoil and unrest of modern life, the Passionist rule offers the age-old challenge of the Cross. The Passionist monasteries of our own day preserve the same basic spirit and the same Cross-philosophy as that which characterized the life of Paul of the Cross. Certain adaptations to the American mode of life have, of necessity, been made. But the fundamental tenor of the Rule is observed today as it was in Paul's little hermitage at Castelazzo or later in the first monastery of the Order on Monte Argentaro, not far from Orbetello in Italy.

The Passionists in the U. S. are divided into two provinces, eastern and western, governed by their respective Provincials. The Eastern Provincial resides at Saint Michael's monastery in Union City, N. J. The Provincial residence for the west is the Passionist Monastery in Norwood Park, Chicago. There are at the pres-

ent time 17 Passionist monasteries in the U. S.

The Superior General of the Passionists resides in Rome, at the Monastery of Saints John and Paul. The Basilica attached to this monastery is the titular church of His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York. It is one of the most venerable churches in the Eternal City. It was likewise the titular church of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, when he was Cardinal Pacelli. It is in this church that the body of Saint Paul of the Cross reposes.

In this Monastery and church in Rome there is perhaps symbolized the spirit of Passionist life. Although the monastery stands almost in the heart of the city, only a short distance from the Colosseum, it is a veritable solitude, and its gardens suggest an almost "Shangri-la" remoteness from the world. So Paul of the Cross wished his Religious to live. Laboring in the world, struggling against the powers of evil, even in the marketplace and the amphitheater, and in the heart of teeming cities, their own hearts are to cherish and foster the spirit of solitude, that the motto of the Congregation of the Passion may be realized in them: "May the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ be always in our hearts!"



LET us hope there's something prophetic in this telegram to a book jobber, quoted in *New Yorker*: "Cancel order for *Introduction to Atomic Physics*, send instead 3 copies revised edition New Testament."

Quote (April 27-May 3, '47)

No baby-talk after 3

Speech Made Plain

By J. D. RATCLIFF

Condensed from *Hygeia**

SPEECH is perhaps the most wonderful of human faculties. We hear, see and feel as part of our natural birthright. But everyone has to learn speech for himself—and one in twenty doesn't learn properly. These are the stutterers, the cleft palate cases, the lispers, the people with articulation defects.

We long ago ceased to place the insane in cages to be jeered at, but radio and movies still exploit stuttering as funny. No one would poke fun at a child with a withered leg but many people find it amusing to imitate the nasal croaks that go with a cleft palate.

Because speech defects do not show, we have not taken the problem to heart; but to a great extent speech defects are as correctible as broken legs and decayed teeth.

This has been demonstrated in several clinics in the U. S.: the Institute of Logopedics at Wichita, Kan., the Institute for Speech Defects in New York and the clinics of many universities and medical schools. Logopedics means correction of speech defects. In their way these clinics are as dramatic as any great healing centers. To them go the almost hopeless cases.

The job of the clinic is not so much one of repairing speech as building

new speech. Suppose a child has an articulation-defect, an inability to form certain words. He may substitute one sound for another, for example, a *t* for a *c*. Thus *cap* becomes *tap*; *come* becomes *tum*. Or he may omit certain sounds; *l* is a common one. Then *play* becomes *pay*; *black* becomes *back*. The child may be unable to produce certain sounds, *er* being the commonest omission.

In some instances, a child may have as many as 15 such defects, and his speech is unintelligible. The chief tool of building new speech is the mirror. An instructor sits before a child in a soundproof cubicle showing where the tongue should be placed to make correct sounds. Then the child looks in the mirror and attempts to form the sounds.

Almost unbelievable patience must attend such efforts. Months of hard work may be expended on a single sound, the child visiting the clinic three times a week for half-hour sessions. He is always accompanied by his mother, who will carry on the work at home. Gradually new speech is built, and often a new personality. As an example, one teen-age girl, unable to express her thoughts, became sullen and introverted. She took no pride in

* 227 E. 44th St., New York City, 17. July, 1947.

her dress, nor in personal care. A radiant personality was born with new speech. The girl went from a secretarial job to marriage and to motherhood. It is impossible to recognize in her the unkempt child who seemed destined for a mental institution.

There are four chief causes of speech defects. They may result from damage to the central nervous system; the spastic is an example of this, and so is the war veteran with a head injury. Mechanical defects are a second cause: cleft palate, the damaged larynx. Next come nutritional disorders: vitamin deficiencies can cause hopeless garbling of speech. Last are psychological factors.

Any one of those things may play a role in stuttering, which strikes one of every hundred persons. For reasons yet unexplained, there are two immune groups: Navajo Indians and diabetics. How severe this handicap may be is indicated by the fact that stutterers have 35 per cent less earning power than persons with normal speech.

Physicians have fought stuttering since ancient times. The Greeks burned tongues with caustic. A French doctor thought he had a cure in a metal mouthpiece with sharp barbs on the upper side. Whenever the tongue dropped to the floor of the mouth, as it does in stuttering, the barbs pricked the tongue. German surgeons attempted to cure stuttering with the knife. They cut away a wedge of the tongue muscle, to keep the tongue off the floor of the mouth. None of those painful pro-

cedures gave more than temporary relief.

When mechanical approaches failed, hundreds of schools sprang up for treatment of stuttering. As a rule, they use "secret methods," charge anything the traffic will bear: from \$150 to \$1,000. Many of them are little better than rackets.

Parents often feel that the stuttering child will outgrow his handicap. Experts disagree. By the age of 3 speech should be nearly perfect. If it isn't fixed by 4, corrective steps are in order. After this there is only a 50-50 chance that a faulty voice will repair itself.

Stuttering is an extremely complex affair governed by a number of factors. There can be no "secret cure" for stuttering because no one knows what causes it. There are two types of stuttering. In one, sounds are repeated; in the other the mouth gapes open but no sound issues forth. Spasm of speech organs is responsible for one type, spasm of respiratory organs for the other. But no one knows what causes the spasms.

A well-defined impulse from the brain is a forerunner of spasm. These short surges of power are measurable by the electroencephalograph, the "brain wave" machine. Victims of stuttering are often conscious of these surges that are their signal to stutter. They can be taught to use them as a signal not to stutter.

In some cases of stuttering, the first step towards a cure is to explain the mechanism of the human voice, using large models of the throat. Air from

the lungs passes through the larynx or "voice box" that houses the vocal cords. Most people think of the vocal cords as taut violin strings, a bad misconception. The vocal cords, or folds, are more like a pair of lips that open and close with a fluttery motion. At puberty, the folds greatly enlarge, and this accounts for the change of voice.

Several pieces of apparatus are used to familiarize a stutterer with his defect. One, the kymograph, makes a graphic record of breathing patterns. Elastic bands are strapped around the chest and abdomen of the subject. As they stretch with breathing and normal conversation they leave a smooth, undulating curve on a moving belt. Stuttering leaves a series of jagged lines. Thus, the patient can see what happens when he stutters.

The stutterer tends to fight his handicap with all the energy he can summon. Muscles tighten and the face reddens when words give battle. Anyone who has seen a newsreel of the King of England, today's most famous stutterer, has recognized these symptoms. Almost superhuman effort is required for him to make a speech. Long rehearsals with careful pruning of difficult phrases are required for the simplest cornerstone laying.

The teacher tries to achieve relaxation. Whenever the patient perceives a brain signal to stutter, the teacher may suggest that he clench his fist. As the fist is relaxed, the voice often relaxes, too.

Distraction is helpful at times. A glance out the window, momentary

tapping of the fingers, a pause in the conversation may fill a gap where the patient would be struggling for a word.

In time, this relaxation becomes perfectly automatic, and stuttering stops. This is particularly true of children. Institute of Logopedics instructors report stopping stuttering in nine children out of ten, provided work starts before the age of seven. With adults, chances are not so good, yet no case should be considered hopeless. One girl was a wretched speech cripple when she began treatment. Her cure was so effective that she became one of the best instructors.

Spastics present perhaps the largest problem of all, and there are more of them than there are victims of infantile paralysis. Injury to the motor areas of the brain, often at birth, robs them of voluntary control of muscles. Hands flap helplessly, legs wobble, eyes roll. Speech comes in unintelligible grunts. In the past, spastics were regarded as imbeciles and shut away in institutions. Today physicians know that they have intelligence equal and often superior to that of average children.

Before they can hope to control the delicate muscles of speech, they must be taught some degree of control of the body's gross muscles, those that move the legs, arms. Before the spastic can talk, he must be able to walk. And since he has been unable to attend school with other children, he also requires special instruction.

With rare and spectacular exceptions, spastics can never hope to walk

as well as children with undamaged brains, but to walk at all is a triumph. The same is true with speech. They have little hope of acquiring normal voice, but even crude speech can take them from a silent, lonely world.

Competent speech schools care for any and all types of speech defects, from the spastic who may require four years of training to the lisper who may have his voice repaired in a few weeks. One 11-year-old boy cared for at Wichita discarded his lisp in ten days.

A man of 29 found his falsetto voice a severe handicap. As a youngster he had yelled himself hoarse at a high-school basketball game and had had a high-pitched voice ever since. In treating such cases the usual procedure is to have the patient sing a descending scale, then try to hold the low notes. To build a new voice by this method may take years.

With no knowledge of what might happen, the instructor decided to try something different. He asked the subject to strike a note—a falsetto note—and hold it. The instructor then drew the patient's head back. As the architecture of the throat changed under this tension the falsetto note dropped to baritone. The patient was told to hold this note as his head was tilted forward. And it held! (The reader, incidentally, can try this one on himself.) The delighted man rushed to a telephone to call his wife. "Guess who this is," he said. She hadn't the slightest idea.

Cases of cleft palate often respond dramatically to corrective work. Nor-

mally the palate fuses together before birth but in these cases closure is not complete. The sound passes up through the fissure and out of the nose. The first step in treatment is surgical, closing the opening with tissue borrowed from the throat or upper arm. Voice retraining follows and in a short time the patient speaks normally.

The Wichita clinic, one of the most complete of its type in the world, was founded in 1934 by Prof. Martin F. Palmer. After majoring in speech pathology at the University of Michigan, Palmer, now 41, decided to settle in Kansas, because virtually no speech correction work was being done in the plains states.

The University of Wichita, to which the Institute is attached, had little money to spend, so Palmer enlisted help wherever he could. Clubs, civic organizations, individuals visited the place and had their eyes opened by what they saw.

Speech correction requires an enormous amount of individual attention and therefore is expensive. Only a quarter of the patients could pay full costs, \$26 per month per case. At one time the treasury was completely drained. The staff shut up shop and went out to raise funds. They brought back \$3,000 and the work went on.

Heartening as it is to see the individual triumph over his handicap, Palmer still feels his chief job is research and teacher training. Research will reveal new facts about speech defects. Teacher training supplies the material to build other clinics.

BEGINNINGS OF VATICAN CITY

By THOMAS B. MORGAN

Condensed chapter of a book*

How did the Vatican come about?
And how did it become a state?

The territory of the state of Vatican City is just a 108-acre patch—the size of a golf course or the campus of a large American college. Earlier temporal power extended over a much greater area. Until 1870, the states of the Church comprised the whole of Central Italy. Yet today's puniness makes every foot packed just that much more with meaning, vertically in the depths of history, horizontally in power all over the world.

My visits to Vatican City are counted in many hundreds. Not once was I not thrilled. Approached by the stolidly embroidered colonnade of Bernini, and dominated by the overwhelming dome of Michelangelo, St. Peter's never failed to quicken the pulse. The awe of dimension, the joy of color, the romance of age and the beauty of the chiseled stone combined in one majestic entity of grandeur.

It is not until we get behind St. Peter's that we know the whole territory. The dominating basilica completely hides the little state. At the back we can see it in all its diminutiveness, a knoll dwarfed by the great shrine. Events which constituted the panorama of history radiated from the

spot. The cavalcade of our western world began here.

In hundreds of trips as a newsman, I felt antiquity come to life as I trod the cobbled stones, medieval pavement and modern asphalt, all running together in the little state. The whole scene or even parts of it flooded me with the centuries. *Mons Vaticanus* or Vatican hill was connected with all the ancient history of Rome, albeit in a less conspicuous way than other Roman hills. The knoll is but 130 feet above the Tiber. Very early Roman writers referred to it in prose and poetry, though on its very remote beginnings we are left to speculate. We do not know who first inhabited its slopes, who tilled the soil or herded the flocks. We cannot tell whether they were Latin or Etruscan tribes. But from 300 B.C. or during the latter half of the Republic its gentle ascent was embellished with temples, shrines and villas and was included in what might have been regarded as a part of greater Rome, though it was outside the city walls. It bore some similarity to what Arlington Heights is to Washington.

Adjoining *Mons Vaticanus* was *Mons Janiculus* or Janiculum hill, a good bit higher. The two represented a twin

*The Listening Post. 1944. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 W. 45th St., New York City. 242 pp.

brotherhood in the life of early Romans. The temple to Janus on the Janiculum, with its four doors facing the four directions, was always open except in time of war, Janus being the the god of peace. The Romans professed a great cult to him. They had altars and temples of peace which did not, however, prevent them from making war in every part of the world for more than 1,000 years. They offered sacrifices to peace on the Janiculum, but after the sacrifice, they descended to the Vatican, which became the haunt of witches and sibyls, and there they asked when the next war would be.

I found quaint explanations of the name. Aulus Gellius, a learned Roman writer and a centumvir in the second century, in his *Noctes Atticae* says it was derived from the rite of telling omens. Priests or prophets who predicted the future by observing the entrails of sacrificed animals or the flight of birds, were known as *vates*, and their function as *vaticinatio*. Legally, vaticination could only occur outside the city walls and the Janiculum and Vatican hills became suitable places for it. The lower knoll was favored. Vatican hill occupied the same place in Rome as the oracle at Delphi enjoyed in Greece.

All the problems of the modern world existed and were solved or partly solved by the Romans. When we see their immense monuments we cannot but marvel at the efficiency with which the WPA of imperial Rome worked. Great aqueducts, mas-

sive public baths, gigantic stadia, roads which have withstood the wear of centuries, courts of justice and public buildings of all kinds—every one has remained a classic in architectural achievement. Many are standing and are still used.

Vatican hill was included in such administrative largess and sociological advance. It had its share of baths, temples, circuses, stadia and other public buildings. One great engineering feat of the time, a bridge across the Tiber, was built to bring *Mons Vaticanus* nearer to the city. Hitherto, the Janiculum and Vatican hills could hardly be included in the city proper because of the difficulty of crossing the river. Roman engineers were finally given the task of building a wooden bridge with Roman WPA funds. It was the biggest ever attempted. If it strained the resourcefulness of the builders, it stirred the emotions of the Roman populace. The feat in its original conception, at that time, was comparable to building the Golden Gate or George Washington bridges which, however, have had centuries of experiment back of them.

The structure when completed was placed under supervision of the priests, who assumed the name of *pontifices*, or pontiffs, bridge-builders. The priests placed the bridge under the protection of the gods who were invoked to demolish it in the event of supreme danger to the city. Romans were as apprehensive of a foe using the bridge to transport armies as the British are

over construction of a Channel tunnel. The supreme pontiff was called *Pontifex Maximus*, which in turn was assumed as a chief title of the Roman emperors, later passed on as a title of the Bishop of Rome and head of the Roman Church.

Mons Vaticanus was also honored successively by construction of three private stadia of the emperors. Caligula built one, Nero another, and Domitian a third. Situated where St. Peter's square is now, they were private playgrounds to which emperors invited only intimate friends or none at all.

Nero trained as a charioteer in his private circus, as Tacitus records disdainfully. It was degrading in the eyes of noble Romans to think of a successor to Augustus driving a chariot. Nero knew it and built balustrades and high walls to shut off the view from the outside, and allowed no spectators.

In that first century the simple fisherman of Galilee, Simon called Peter, arrived with a small group of followers, folk as humble as himself. He took lodging in squalid quarters where Jews were herded at the foot of Vatican hill near the Tiber. None suspected that he was destined to lay the foundation of a spiritual empire which would cause the little knoll to outshine the Capitoline and Palatine. It is one of the romances of the ages that a man in such poverty and in the squalor of a despised race could spread a cult amidst the grandeur of Rome and merit in due time erection of the great

est shrine of Christendom on the very scene of his misery.

Ancient writers were seldom accurate as to date of his arrival. It is most likely that Peter had been to Antioch long before, perhaps for seven or eight years; he may have also visited Pontus, Galatia, Bithynia and Cappadocia. For a fisherman, it was easy to go to those places by sea.

It is not impossible therefore that he reached Rome about 42 A.D., after having visited a good many places in the East. St. Jerome, who certainly had innumerable records at hand in his work, *De Viris Illustribus*, says he came to Rome in the second year of the reign of Claudius, which was 42 A.D.

That Peter lived along the Tiber in the midst of poverty-stricken Jews certainly parallels modern times. There were many occasions in the early days of Christianity when contemporary Hitlers perpetrated pogroms and purges. In fact, persecution of Christians derived on some occasions from the desire of finding a scapegoat for political and social wrongs, exactly as in Nazi Germany.

The Jews had come originally about 160 B.C. when Judas Macabeus sent a deputation to ask the protection of the Senate. Lucius Calpurnius, the consul, spoke of them in 139 B.C. as allies of the Romans. In 63 B.C. Pompey, after taking Jerusalem, transported many to Rome as captives.

By the time of Caesar Augustus, the Jews had formed colonies in four different quarters. They numbered be-

tween 40,000 and 60,000. After Herod's death, a deputation of 8,000 appealed to Augustus for protection. Since only men participated, the rest of the population must have been five or six times their number.

They built seven synagogues and named one in honor of Augustus. They had even penetrated the imperial court and found favor there. Herod Antipas, who decreed the death of John the Baptist, was a confidant of the Emperor Tiberius, and Herod Agrippa was received as an intimate friend of Caligula. Many Jewish freedmen bore the names of imperial families.

The Jews obtained full liberty to assemble and associate, practice their religion in public, and hold traditional festivals. Each synagogue formed a separate corporation, by means of which they obtained recognition under Roman law. Since Romans professed great respect for the religions of the various peoples they subjugated, the Jews obtained the privileges of having their own priests and members of the Sanhedrin as judges.

But they were charged with proselytizing and abusing their privileged position. Tiberius was the first to take repressive measures against them as well as against Egyptian priests. Consuls entered Jewish quarters and conscripted 4,000 of them to be sent to Sardinia to fight brigands. To force Jews to fight was foolhardy. They collectively refused to fight, preferring to endure all sorts of beatings and tor-

ment. They were eventually herded to the iron mines of Elba and the marble quarries of Carrara. It is certain that many blocks of marble now embellishing the basilica of St. Peter's but formerly intended for pagan temples were hewn by Jewish labor. Tacitus, however, bitterly proclaims that had they been sent to Sardinia to perish, there would have been no loss. Worse has been done today.

Roman writers also accused Jews of stealing their ideas and writings. Martial tells of the "circumcized poets" whom he would pardon had they but criticized his verses. Instead, he said, they stole them. Martial, too, related how they would do anything as long as it was lucrative. He said of those in the Suburra quarter that there was nothing too mean for them to do.

They were accused of pandering to the vices of the Romans. They bought stolen provisions and sold them. In the colony on the side of the Vatican hill, they worked as peddlers with carts, picked up anything that came on the boats from Ostia, sold charms, and finally whips with which to beat slaves.

Growing dislike of Jews gave rise to the first persecution of the Christians, who were associated with Jews in the minds of the Romans.

The burning of Rome in 64 was the signal for a quadrennium of terror. Nero himself is said to have set fire to the city. It began near the Porta Capena, southeast of the Palatine hill, and was carried in all directions by the wind, extending to the Coelian, Aventine and Capitoline hills, destroying

part of the Forum with its temples, and extending its ravages over the Velabrum and along the banks of the river as far as the Campus Martius, so that the Tiber itself seemed covered with the blaze. Most of the city on the left bank was destroyed.

The Christians were soon accused of having been the incendiaries, and as the old Roman laws punished incendiarism with burning, the persecution took the form of burning the Christians at night in many parts of Rome, but especially on the slopes of the Vatican. It became a pretext for a new sort of diversion offered to Romans by the tyrant. Executions took place en masse and became the chief popular spectacle of the degenerate times.

Persecutions made it dangerous to put anything in writing which, if discovered, might be used against the worshippers. This is why we have so little written evidence of that unhappy period. The edict of the Emperor Claudius in 44, expelling Jews from Rome, also affected Christians, whose religion continued to be vaguely identified with that of Jews. The Jews secretly returned to Rome and in time the Christians followed. The Jews are blamed for using the occasion to prejudice the Romans against the Christians. Seizing upon the zeal of Christians, they branded them as fanatical dissenters. Christian historians accused them of thus directing the pagan lust for blood away from themselves.

In the year 87, Peter fell into the hands of persecutors at the same time that Paul was doomed to execution. He

was led from the Mamertine prison between soldiers across the Triumphal bridge and along the Via Triumphalis to the circus of Nero. It is an accepted tradition among Christians that he begged to be crucified head downward, considering himself unworthy to suffer death in the manner of his divine Master. There on the playground of Nero, surrounded by temples, shrines and villas of pagan Rome built on *Mons Vaticanus*, as St. Chrysostom wrote, "the chief of the Apostles departed from earth to heaven."

It seems that a small altar erected at the tomb of Peter existed during the days of his immediate successors. St. Anacletus, a Pope ordained by St. Peter himself, built a small oratory over the tomb when the Church had some respite from persecution. The stones of this oratory have always been respected and are still supposed to be part of the crypt of the modern basilica and called the Chapel of the Confession of St. Peter.

In 312, the first of several succeeding events furnished impetus for virile growth of the cult. Constantine proclaimed the liberty of Christians. Persecution ended. The way was opened for militant Church expansion.

The Roman emperors did, though in a larger way and with greater influence, just what Napoleon, Bismarck, and recent rulers have done. They persecuted. From Napoleon on, they used bullets and bayonets. But they could not disarm the Church and its faith. They all found, though there had been

plenty of lessons before them, that faith cannot be placed against a wall and shot down. Each, however, had to try it. Failing this, they had to find a way of restoring lost prestige. They accepted the Church.

Without becoming a convert immediately, Constantine foresaw a political advantage in favoring the metropolitans and bishops of the Christian faith. They collaborated with him in setting up authority and order. He attended many councils and even though a pagan was reported to have presided over them. The historic Council of Nicaea in 325, at which the Nicene creed was adopted, was graced by his presence.

Christianity thus became a part of the imperial system. Roman pagans had always identified religion and the priesthood with the state. Roman organization and Christian faith were joined. The new cult profited by the efficient administration of the empire.

The Church grew into a vast organization. It had a hierarchical form copied to a great extent from Roman practice all over the world. Metropolitan heads, archbishops, bishops, patriarchs and primates were created with a regular gradation of subordinate Orders of priests, deacons, and other clerics to administer far-off regions and cities.

In 324, Constantine went so far as to help build the first Basilica of St. Peter. That a great shrine should be built to commemorate the Prince of the Apostles was natural; it was one of the

first monuments to emancipation of the Church. Not only were contributions of the faithful accepted but substantial aid came from the imperial treasury. According to the historians of the time and the traditions of Rome, Constantine himself went in state to the Vatican. He took off his imperial mantle and prostrated himself before the sacred remains of Peter. He then proceeded to break the ground for the foundations and filled 12 baskets of earth in honor of the 12 Apostles.

Many tombs and temples on Vatican hill were removed. Precious materials in marbles and granites were taken from the imperial circuses and other public buildings on the slopes to adorn the great shrine. This accounts for disappearance of most of the imperial structures of the 1st and 2nd centuries. After two years, Pope Sylvester was able to dedicate a part of the building.

Consecration of St. Peter's in 349 assumed the proportions of an historic event. By this time, elaborate rites embellished all Christian functions. Bishops came to Rome in great numbers, while multitudes of the faithful camped on the Vatican slopes. In time, monasteries, convents and numerous smaller churches and chapels clustered about the great shrine of Christendom, replacing the ancient pagan temples and circuses.

To realize how the Holy See increased both in spiritual authority and temporal influence, we must follow the effects of Constantine's edicts. His plan to gain greater power through the

Church completely reversed itself. The bishops of Rome increased in prestige. They became more independent. They asserted power over other bishops. They assumed the position of equality with temporal rulers. Thus began the temporal dominion of the Holy See.

By the end of the 4th century, the emperors no longer resided in Rome. The empire was torn by factions. The power of the Bishop of Rome alone withstood them. When barbarians battered the gates the only stable authority was that of the Pope. Nothing could have been more logical than for him to assume temporal sovereignty, and assume it he did. Frequently, he laid aside the miter and sometimes lifted the sword.

Innocent I went out in 410 to meet Alaric, who had arrived with the intention of staging much more than a triumphal entry. Attired in full canonicals and wearing the miter, the Pope outfaced the artificer of destruction. Innocent's pious bearing melted Alaric. The conqueror ordered his relentless warriors to behave themselves. When the Pope returned from the visit, he was welcomed by the populace with triumphal acclaim. Such acts could only confirm papal authority.

In 453 Leo I went to meet Attila. Like Innocent, he was attired in full pontifical vestments and accompanied by deacons. Approaching the Scourge of God, Leo persuaded him to spare Rome and to promise to leave Italy and make peace with the emperor. And Leo, who is honored with the title of The Great, became almost an ac-

cepted instrument of defense when two years later he succeeded in subduing Genseric, King of the Vandals, in the same way. He exacted from this second ungodly invader a promise that he would spare the lives of the people. He was over 70 when he performed these courageous acts.

This outstanding Pope was first to exchange diplomats with foreign powers. He sent a legate to the Byzantine emperor. The emperor returned the compliment by sending an ambassador. In pontifical and imperial grace it was an act of friendship.

A very important development took place in 757 during the pontificate of Pope Stephen III. King Astulf of Lombardy, taking possession of Ravenna, proclaimed himself king of Italy. Stephen appealed to King Pepin of France, who with stronger and more numerous archers on horse as well as afoot, compelled the Lombard usurper to renounce his claim. As master of the disputed territory, nothing could be easier for Pepin than to dispose of it in his own way. It was advantageous for him to have a strong friend at Astulf's rear. He presented the territory to the Pope. It was the first definite papal state.

The Pontiff now unassailably possessed all the attributes of temporal dominion. The territory extended from the rich and populous city of Bologna to the fortified harbor of Gaeta, some 250 miles. Laterally, it stretched from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean and included rich and

fertile lands blessed with a hardy and industrious population. Rome stood conveniently in the center, from which radiated her celebrated roads. It was an ideal bequest for the exercise of papal sovereignty, and definitely established that sovereignty both in the spiritual and temporal realms.

At the end of the 8th century, Pope Leo III decreed the reconstitution of the Empire of the West, to be known as the Holy Roman Empire. This was a tremendous step from the days of Constantine. The Pontiff assumed authority to decree that earthly kings owed allegiance to him. He proclaimed Charlemagne the first emperor.

But Leo IV was to go beyond this. He fortified the Vatican. In 845, two years before his election, the Saracens committed their celebrated pillage of St. Peter's, in which they carried off even the altar of massive silver given by Constantine. When Leo ascended the throne, his first act was to try to make the basilica and the churches connected with it inaccessible to further raids.

He proposed to the emperor a plan for surrounding the Vatican with a wall. The emperor approved and contributed generously. Other princes helped. Multitudes of Italian, German, and French workmen were assembled. They toiled day and night. The walls were on a gigantic scale, superior in many respects to walls built by the ancient Romans. The Pope himself inspected the work every day and gave personal directions.

After two years' work and in the midst of feverish activity, the walls were only half completed. Suddenly the alarm spread that the Saracens were coming again. They had landed once more at Ostia, the port of Rome, as in 845, and expected even a larger booty. For the first time, a Pope raised the sword. Leo organized a popular militia. He summoned every Roman to defend the city as his forefathers had done. He sent as far as Naples for help and recruited all the men in the Campagna. As a defensive precaution, he had chains drawn across the Tiber below the city.

It is curious that one trained as a Benedictine monk should suddenly display such military acumen. When the Saracens approached they were surprised to find Rome well defended. The Romans went out to meet them. Historians describe them as fighting for the Pope with the same courage as Romans in the first centuries fought for the Republic. The Saracens were defeated.

Leo sheathed his sword. He did not, however, give up his role of military architect and engineer. In 852 the massive walls, forbidding ramparts and impregnable observation turrets were completed, 15 feet thick and 50 feet high. Companies of soldiers could be marched on the top from one end to the other. Sentinels on duty had a clear sweep of the countryside for 25 miles. They could, toward the west, scan the Mediterranean 12 miles out to sea. There were three gates leading to the

fortified area. Those were protected by massive towers which could quarter hundreds of men. In an elaborate procession, Leo blessed each tower in turn, pronouncing the words, "May no enemy of Christ, of the Church, or of St. Peter ever pass these gates."

The ponderous masonry stood as a formidable and even impregnable bulwark for succeeding ages. Starting at the Tiber, it ran westward for a half mile. Turning southwest, it began its ascent of Vatican hill. At the summit it twisted sharply southeast and descended the hill in tortuous angles until it reached the Tiber again about 1,000 yards down the banks from where it started. In all, it stretched five miles and protected within its fortified area not only Vatican palaces, churches, and monasteries, but also a residential district of nearly 5,000. The entire enclosure eventually took on the name of its creator, Benedictine monk, architect, soldier and Pope. It has been known as the Leonine City through all the ages. The walls are the Leonine walls.

Modern cannon could render the massive defenses ineffective. But those same walls, with their military effectiveness old beyond its time, now serve an equally important purpose. Built in the 9th century and standing in their constructive perfection like an

eternal guardian, they constitute today the present boundaries of the modern Vatican city-state.

I have walked around them. Outside is Italy. Inside is Vatican City. Starting north from St. Peter's square, they follow *Via Angelica* to *Piazza del Risorgimento*. A half turn left and the giant mural masterpiece with defensive bastions and turrets and twists and turns reaches the end of a level stretch. Another half turn left and we face due west. It is *Viale de Vaticano*. We climb upward, passing ramparts and towers in a classic display of the finest military breastworks. Italy is on our right. Vatican City on our left. We are ascending *Mons Vaticanus*. A sentinel in the quaint uniform of a Swiss Guard shouldering his halberd is silhouetted against the blue Italian sky on the top of the ramparts. It could be a picture of ten centuries back except that his uniform was designed only four centuries ago.

We finally reach the very top. We can see the countryside for miles, though a sentinel above has a sweep twice as far. To descend, we follow zigzag twists interposed with their bastions and lookouts. The road outside is still the *Viale del Vaticano*. We continue downward to the south side of St. Peter's square. We are outside, with no reminder of a hidden country save a single sentinel.



A MAN who bows down to nothing can never bear the burden of himself.

From *Raw Youth* by Feodor Mikhailovich Dostoevski.

Dissatisfied Teachers

By ELIZABETH DRISCOLL

Condensed from the *Missionary Servant**

THE action of dissatisfied teachers has served to spotlight the serious educational crisis that faces our country. Two million children of school age received no schooling last year because there were no teachers to teach them, while others were taught by teachers having only emergency certificates. More than 350,000 schoolteachers have left their classrooms since 1941, at which time a teacher shortage already existed.

Psychologists who have studied strikes in industry have discovered that workers strike because they are unhappy. Wages and hours are the surface complaints, but deep down there is rebellion against becoming a mere cog in a giant machine. There is frustration, a basic loss of self-esteem which follows devitalization of one's work in life.

What has fostered the strike psychology to the breaking point of open rebellion among teachers? One should not underestimate the low salaries and high living costs; but there are deeper grievances that better salaries won't touch. I say this as a former teacher still in contact with many other teachers. I find deep dissatisfaction among teachers that is not attributable to the salary question, for in our state

they are well paid and have other economic advantages.

Here are their principal complaints as they have given them to me.

"Teaching has become too unbearably hard, with all the demands that are made on teachers."

"Parents don't want their children trained. They only want them out of the way."

"We have been robbed of authority at a time when impudence and insolence are at an all-time high."

"We have been put on the defensive in our own classrooms."

"If something isn't done soon to check youth, I fear the destruction of our civilization."

"The school system is chaotic."

"Teaching is suffering from 'the curse of Columbia.'"

This last complaint embodies the explanation for the other complaints. "The curse of Columbia" is the teachers' sobriquet for the educational philosophy of John Dewey, that has been fostered chiefly by Teachers' college of Columbia university. It has filtered down through most of our teacher-training courses until it now dominates most of our public-school system, especially in big cities.

"Find out for yourself" is the key-

*Box 266, Stirling, N.J. July-August, 1947.

note of the Dewey philosophy, which holds that only change is certain and that there is no absolute truth. It claims that all the child needs to attain full perfection and development is an ideal environment where he can continually experiment and solve to his own satisfaction problems of his own choosing. Cutting loose from tradition, and owing loyalty to none of the institutions of the past, each child is to start with a new world of his own, to make of it what he will.

The development of a habit of critical thinking is the goal of this scheme of education. The Dewey philosophers tell us that it is not important whether the solutions to the problems raised are wise or foolish, right or wrong. Only the growth of a critical attitude in the child is important. Everything, existing codes of ethics, the social and economic order, institutions, not excluding the church, school and family, is to be held up to questioning. No matter that the questioners have no experience nor other basis for comparison; they undertake critical thinking on whatever they choose, with blithe self-confidence. As it is natural to youth to rebel against the established order, it is understandable that they take to this experience with alacrity.

In this new order, the teacher is intended to lose her old function of authority. She is now the provider of experiences to stimulate students to solve the problems which the experiences raise. She does not teach in the traditional meaning of the word. She is to serve, not to direct, Dewey disci-

ples tell you. If she is a faithful follower of Dewey, she must never, never say what is right and wrong. The professor of a class in educational philosophy in a well-known teachers' college told his class of cadet teachers that he promptly took his 9-year-old out of a school where the teacher told her pupils what was right and wrong. "You must never do that," he warned them, inconsistently.

There are to be no basic principles to guide the boy or girl experimenters to truth. Each is a law unto himself in deciding what is true or untrue. One opinion is as good as another in the Dewey scheme, the teacher's opinion no more valuable than any other.

It is easy to imagine the effect of this philosophy on children. At first there is utter bewilderment at the abdication of authority by those from whom they expect expert leadership; then deep confusion of mind as to what is right and wrong, resulting in a conclusion that there is no right and wrong, only a difference of opinion. Then follows for the child the heady experience of being on his own at 8, 10 or 12 years of age, inevitably developing an exaggerated opinion of his own infallibility until his ego is inflated beyond possibility of submission.

Rebellion against home, school, state, and all constitutional and moral authority is the logical, inevitable outcome in all too many cases. The criterion for solution of a moral question in this philosophy of education is not divine law, for Dewey does not admit God in his system; it is the greatest

good to the greatest number. Imagine that holding up when youth is sorely tempted!

This rebellion has not been unexpected. Kilpatrick, Dewey's leading disciple, predicted the family phase of it with accuracy in his essay, *Tendencies in Educational Philosophy*. He wrote, "Of existing institutions, the deepest-rooted perhaps of all, the family, is thus called to the bar to answer the charge of hindering efficiency, of obstructing progress, and of failing to respect the right of the child to become an independent, thinking person." Small wonder that we have a juvenile-delinquency problem.

Few public schools can set up an ideal Dewey school, for it would be too expensive to provide for all the required experimentation, but there are schools that do, and the remainder are being slowly moved in that direction. And neither are all teachers aware of the Dewey influence, but the effects are in their lives just the same, for the center of authority has definitely shifted from teacher to pupil, and the spirit of public-school education as evidenced in studies, methods, and often in textbooks, is motivated by the Dewey philosophy.

Losing her leadership to her pupils, the teacher has lost esteem, even in her own eyes. Her work, like that of discontented strikers all over the land, has been devitalized and has lost its significance for her. She is frustrated, deeply dissatisfied.

To further harass teachers, restrictive laws seriously hamper them in disci-

pline. Even the kindergarten child knows his school law. He tells his teacher when he misbehaves, "You can't do anything to me." The older pupils, kept after school for correction, insolently watch the clock for the passage of the hour's limit which the law sets for detention after school so that they can walk out with the law on their side and teacher on the defensive. Not so many years ago, when Johnny received a few slaps on the palms from the teacher's strap, he received similar treatment from dad when he got home. Today's Johnny accompanies dad to a lawyer's office to start suit against the teacher who administers punishment. Many teachers and school administrators now have the additional expense of carrying liability insurance to meet such eventualities. Others become critical and indifferent about correcting children. "Why should we worry?" they say. "No one else does."

Besides the rejection of their authority which is implied in the Dewey philosophy, the teachers are now further plagued by the experimental phase of this system. Their working hours are prolonged far into the night, as they must continually gather new materials from many different sources to submit to the testing of their students. Add to this the ever-present chore of correcting papers, and making charts and other records, and you begin to appreciate the dissatisfaction of teachers as they use up all their reserves of energy and face week ends and vacations in a state of exhaustion which precludes further study and reading,

or even, in many instances, recreation.

The Dewey philosophy has had wide influence in America. It came originally from Jean Jacques Rousseau, called "the father of the French Revolution." His was no well-thought-out system of philosophy. His method was to throw out all existing institutions and start over, hoping thereby to reach truth.

John Dewey adapted Rousseau's philosophy to American education about the turn of the century. We are now seeing its effects in the lives of the first generation of parents educated under its influence.

One of its effects is a leveling down of those once held in high esteem. The teacher was one of these. When America was more spiritually minded than she is today, the teacher's high position in the community was the chief attraction for many intelligent, cultured young people who chose that profession over better-paid ones. It was the opportunity to influence other lives, to help youth accomplish great things for their country and their fellow men, that attracted teachers.

Good teaching is not a science; it is an art. It requires a delicate awareness, an almost intuitive perception of talents and latent possibilities in the lives of others, coupled with a deftness in handling that will draw out such gifts and bring them to full flower. As with all arts, the greatest compensation for teaching is spiritual. It lies in the personal satisfaction of the artist-teacher and in the inspiration and influence

teaching brings to the lives of others. The art of teaching does not thrive under shackles.

If we are to satisfy our dissatisfied teachers, we must do more than raise salaries. We must examine the basic philosophy that directs our school system and see wherein it is a source of dissatisfaction. We must see if it has upset the fundamental order and balance of our school system. We must review our school laws and see if we are giving the teachers heavy responsibilities without sufficient authority to carry them.

We must hold parents to account for the character-training and conduct of their own children and not expect the teachers to perform miracles on a job not rightfully theirs at all. We must ask ourselves if we are giving the teachers a chance to achieve the satisfaction of realizable accomplishment in their work, or if we have burdened them with an impossible job by putting on them every task that no one else wishes to do, from teaching Junior to wash his teeth to keeping the city park clean.

Hampered by an underlying educational philosophy that rests on false premises, teachers cannot turn out ideal citizens. They cannot turn out ideal citizens, when unaided by home, church, and community. That they have done as well as they have under the difficult conditions they have endured so long is a tribute of the highest order to the selfless devotion and consummate skill of America's teachers.



It depends on what you mean

"The Popes Are Too Radical"

By BENJAMIN J. MASSE, S.J.

Condensed from the New York Post*

KARL MARX called religion "the opium of the people," but don't try to sell that idea to a lot of American industrialists. They don't believe it. They have heard too many clergymen hammering away at social justice, the family living wage, the right of workers to organize and bargain collectively; have seen too many issuing statements in defence of strikers and even walking picket lines. Religion, "the opium of the people"? More like the spark plug, they think. Only the other day I had this piece of dialogue from an enlightened employer.

"You're making a bad mistake, P.T.," said one industrialist to another. "Those union leaders you've been babying along are some of the red-hot commies in the CIO. Don't you know the rank and file is up in arms, getting ready to dump Stalin's stooges, and that you're making the job harder?"

"I know it, all right," P.T. grinned back, "but give me the commies. Don't get the idea that because the boys are fighting the CP'ers, they're a soft touch. Not my workers anyway. They went to a labor school run by priests and, boy, are they tough!"

It is a matter of cold, historic fact that when Pope Leo XIII wrote the encyclical *On the Condition of the Working Classes* in 1891, some influential Catholic employers tried to stop priests from reading it in the pulpit. The same thing happened, but more rarely, when Pope Pius XI's hard-hitting follow-up, *On the Reconstruction of the Social Order*, appeared some 40 years later.

The story is told of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and it happens to be true, that on the eve of his first campaign for the presidency, he asked the editor of a Catholic review to visit him in Albany. Gingerly, F.D.R. explained that, while he didn't believe there was any such thing as a Catholic vote, he thought it better to be on the safe side. Was there anything he could say in his speeches that might help matters a bit? There surely was, the priest told him: quote some passages from Pope Leo or Pope Pius. "You don't mean those encyclicals on labor?" F.D.R. asked. "Exactly," answered the priest. Whereupon the man who gave the nation's conservatives a bad case of ulcers laughed and said, "But I've read them. They're too radical for me!"

*Father Masse's article was written as a guest piece for Victor Riesel's column "Inside Labor" in the New York Post, and is reprinted by courtesy of the New York Post Syndicate. It was reprinted in the *Catholic Courier Journal*, 50 Chestnut St., Rochester, 4, N.Y., July 3, 1947.

In one obvious sense, the papal encyclicals are radical, as can be seen from the programs of the various Christian-Democratic parties in Europe. Both Leo and Pius were against the *status quo*. They said bluntly that neither *laissez-faire* capitalism nor monopoly capitalism could be squared with the Christian conscience.

In another sense, too, the encyclicals are radical. What they have to say about the economic system goes to the roots of the modern social problem, which is what *radical* really means. The reforms they advocated all proceed from fundamental moral and religious truths: the dignity of the individual; his right to a decent material existence; the sanctity of family life; the social as well as the individual character of private property, so that a man is not free to use his property as he pleases but must keep an eye on the general welfare; the obligation of all to strive for justice and to practice charity.

But in another sense, in the sense in which the word is carelessly used today, the encyclicals are not radical at all. The popes were even more

strongly opposed to communism than they were to *laissez-faire* capitalism. They regarded the Marxist brew as worse than the disease it aimed to cure. They would not abolish private property, but remove abuses, and distribute property more fairly.

They would not foster the class warfare which the evils of *laissez-faire* and monopoly have begotten, but promote class cooperation and social peace. "Capital cannot do without labor, nor labor without capital," said Leo XIII with perfect good sense; and Pius XI suggested that the wage contract be modified by a contract of partnership, so that wage earners might become "sharers in some sort of ownership, or the management, or the profits" of the business.

In short, the papal social program is middle of the road. The next time you read about "men of sober black cloth" breaking a lance for social justice, you'll know what they are up to. They want a democratic economy where workers and employers respect one another, obey the moral law, and collaborate for their own good and for the good of all of us.



We Know What You Mean

A LITTLE knowledge of English is a dangerous thing, as is illustrated by a sign reported above the alms box in Milan, Italy. The good Brothers hoped to induce American soldiers to contribute, but their prose would give any God-fearing GI a turn.

"Appele to Charitables—The Brothers (so-called of Mercy) ask some slender arms for their hospital. They harbor all kinds of diseases and have no respect for religion."

This Week Magazine (April 13, '47).

Who won the war?

LET MY PEOPLE IN

By MILTON MAYER

Condensed from the *Progressive**



CONGRESS lost our last chance to win the war. It failed to pass the Stratton bill to allow admission to the U. S. of 400,000 non-fascist and anti-fascist Christians and Jews who are now in concentration camps. Those 400,000 are about half the population of the concentration camps operated not by Hitler, but by the liberty-loving peoples of the world.

Those 400,000 love liberty, too. They have nowhere to live and nowhere to go. They did not expect to find liberty under the present tyrannies of Poland, Yugoslavia, or the Soviet Union. They are not surprised to find no liberty in poverty-stricken, heavily settled France and England. They can understand the hostility of the Arabs in Palestine. They expected to find liberty in America.

But we will not let them in. The reasons we give for not letting them in confirm the insight of the late Joe Goebbels, who said, once upon a time, "Even if we nazis lose the war, we will win, for our ideals will have penetrated the hearts of our enemies."

We say they will flood the job market. Of 400,000, 100,000 might be workers. We are afraid of 100,000 new workers in a country that talks of 60,000,000 jobs. We say we haven't got housing. The 400,000 would require

100,000 dwelling units in a country that talks of building 10 million. We say we haven't got room for them on the land in a country where a state the size of Montana has a population of 500,000.

And what if we didn't have jobs, dwellings, and land for them? Impoverished Denmark, with a population of 3 million, has taken 200,000 of them. "Danes," Mrs. Tov-borg Jensen of Copenhagen told the General Federation of Women's Clubs, "did not want the displaced persons to feel that the standard of Danes was that of the people who brought on the war."

What if we didn't have jobs, dwellings, and land for them? Are we Christians, or aren't we? "For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat: I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink: I was a stranger, and you took Me in; naked, and you covered Me." Are we Jews, or aren't we? "Take heed diligently, lest thou forget the Lord, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage."

The real reason that we will not let them in is not that we don't have jobs, dwellings, and land for them. The real reason is that we are becoming fascists in our hearts, just as Goebbels said we

*408-10 W. Gorham St., Madison, 3, Wis. July 21, 1947.

would. We were becoming fascists in our hearts 50 years ago, when we passed the Chinese and Oriental Exclusion acts, thus compelling the Japanese, who have less arable land per capita than any other people on earth, to make war on us to find jobs, dwellings, and land. We were becoming fascists in our hearts in 1917, when we adopted general immigration restrictions. (But even then, we specifically exempted all victims of religious and political persecution.) We were becoming fascists in our hearts between 1921 and 1924, when we shut down immigration altogether with the slogan, "America for the Americans," long before Hitler was crying, "Germany for the Germans."

But we no longer believed in God (though we continued to ask Him to bless America—just in case). We did not believe that it was God who was hardening our hearts for a fall like Pharaoh's. Because we do not believe in God (though we call upon each other to praise Him and pass the ammunition—just in case), we do not believe that it was God who sent us the atomic bomb for a scourge.

We no longer believe that "the greatest of these is charity." We think that we have got away with so many sins, each worse than the last, that we can get away with this worst one of all. We think that we can vex and oppress the stranger; we have forgotten being strangers in the land of Egypt.

We asked England to admit 100,000 Jews into Palestine, but if 100,000 Jews should be admitted into Palestine,

then, on the proportionate basis of our land and our population, we should have admitted 10 million Jews into America. The fact that we didn't, and won't, proves that we don't really care what becomes of Jews or anyone else. And, like all sinners, we are trying, in condemning England, to deflect the vengeance of the Lord upon some other sinner.

Our sins are finding us out. Except for the avowedly fascist countries, our immigration restrictions are the cruellest in the history of the world; crueler even than those of ancient Athens, where an immigrant, though he could not be a citizen, could at least live and work. Our population curve is declining; we are heading rapidly to the point where our sparsely filled land will be even emptier than it is now; but we will not let them in.

Just a short time ago the delegates to the convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs voted, almost two to one, against supporting the Stratton bill. The vote was a rank-and-file revolution against the federation leadership, which pleaded for support of the bill. Two days later, the federation leadership bulldozed the ladies into reversing themselves and supporting the bill. It was a great victory, but a hollow one. For the ladies were voting their constituencies' feeling the first time; every public-opinion poll shows huge majorities against immigration.

It is war that makes nations fascist, winners and losers alike. Hitler had only to drag us into the war to win it.

After our first wingless victory in 1898 we excluded yellow people. After our second wingless victory in 1918 we excluded white people. After our third wingless victory in 1945 we have excluded the cream of the world, the exiles for liberty's sake.

In 1888 we erected the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. The words with which Liberty enlightened the world were these, inscribed on the base of the statue.

*Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to be free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming
shore,*

*Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed,
to me!*

I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

We have slammed the golden door shut; why lift the lamp behind it? If we are not Christians, Jews, and liberty-loving Americans; if we will not even let Christians, Jews, and liberty-lovers into our land; then let us at least have the dignity not to compound our inhumanity with hypocrisy. If we will not pass the Stratton bill, let us tear down the statue and hoist the swastika on Bedloe's island so that the rest of the world will know that Hitler won the war.



Double Features

THE great apostle of the southwest, Father Pierre DeSmet, S.J., had traveled to a certain large Indian encampment. Some of the younger braves wanted to show other tribesmen that they were superior to the Blackrobe, by displaying physical prowess and endurance. Some did this by handling hot irons, others by competing to see who could make the largest indentures in wood with their knuckles, and many other daring feats. To save face Father DeSmet would have to duplicate these acts of prowess or do better. It was a difficult moment, but Father DeSmet proved himself equal to the occasion. He knew the Indians had no knowledge of the white man's dentistry. He reached into his mouth, tugged mightily and jerked out his upper plate, turned it around in his fingers and put it back into his mouth. He then walked away, leaving the young braves dumbfounded.

The Calumet quoted in the *Catholic Mission Digest* (April '47).

Watch your I's and gammas

Priest Who Knows NAVAHO

By AMMIAN E. LUTOMSKI, O.F.M.



Father Berard

Condensed from
*Arizona Highways**

CENTURIES ago Junípero Serra and his Franciscan padres trudged into California, Arizona, New Mexico, and built missions that are now treasures of culture and civic pride, giving the Indians of the Southwest a civilization. They had to leave when the Spanish Armada failed to prove that Spain could keep her head up in the world of 1588. Centuries later the Franciscans came back.

Among the Franciscans who came to Arizona in 1900 to take up the work of evangelizing the Navaho Indians, a work left off by Benavides, was Berard Haile, O.F.M. By putting the Navaho language on paper, he has done more to codify their language than any other man now living. He has developed a written language into a system of letters that makes the transcription of their language from sounds into symbols both possible and intelligible.

In 1898, padres from the Cincinnati province of Friars Minor came into the Navaho country. But no glamorous missions were standing, not even decent ruins. There had never been any missions among the Navahos, even from the earlier days when the con-

quistadores pushed their faith and civilization into the land of Eldorado. San Luis Rey and Santa Maria de Acoma still had buildings of adobe mud and plaster and starting there was easier. Among "The People" there was nothing but sand and an incomprehensible language that hadn't even been put into an alphabet.

The friars made a start by buying up an old trading post and converting it into the original St. Michael mission. It was started nearly half a century ago by Father Anselm Weber, O.F.M., and Juvenal Schnorbus, O.F.M., two men as formidable as their names.

Father Berard took up the work of making the language readable, and today knows it so well that the Navahos themselves give him the immense compliment of calling him The Little Priest Who Knows. Despite popular opinion, Navahos are wary with their nicknames (they hold off till they hit upon a good one), but when your tag is pinned on you, you are named for life. In 1900, two years after the mission had been opened, Father Berard came to St. Michael's. Today he is still turning out books on Navaho legends and ceremonies in a complete printing

*Phoenix, Ariz. July, 1947.

establishment. There was a time not many years ago when he had to set his books by hand. Now he has Father Burcard Fisher, O.F.M., his right-hand man, to do the heavier work of running the monotype, setting type, and printing. An Indian boy works on the press, helping to turn out works which, strangely enough, are unintelligible to him though the book may be about him. Printed Navaho is known only to a few students.

The creation of an alphabet for a language that has never been systematized required learning the language verbatim and then transcribing it with characters that had to be made up to some extent to fit the sounds which came out of Navaho throats. Many of the sounds were equivalent to those of the English alphabet, but some of the things that pass over a Navaho larynx could be indicated only by arbitrary designs which are graced with the name of letters. Father Berard is forever beating knots on the heads of neophyte missionaries who are trying to learn to speak Navaho. Glottal stops, clicked sounds, barred *I's* and a thousand other symbols which are essential to correct pronunciation form appalling obstacles to beginners. Greek was dragged in to help out, and *gammas* gawk out of every page of Navaho. To accommodate this to printing was a big order. Ordinary linotype mats didn't carry this jumble of Greek, English and Berardism. So a monotype, with a special keyboard, was found to do the work. Since Father Berard had no funds to buy a machine like this,

he went to Boston and in true Franciscan fashion began to beg. Knowing that the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary had a complete printing establishment, he headed for that place, and began innocently to inquire about linotypes, monotypes and presses. It finally dawned on those being dunned that Father Berard was mooching. Help came quickly. Father Cullen, late chaplain of the Fruit Hill Convent of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, took Father Berard in hand and led him to Bishop Cushing, present archbishop of Boston.

The archbishop was just then going in to pontificate when Fathers Cullen and Berard accosted him. "Well, really, you'll have to wait till this is over," murmured the gentle prelate as he gathered his purple about him and left for the cathedral. But he added pleasantly, "Be at my house this afternoon." He fixed things up in high style and Father Berard went back to St. Michael's with assurance that a monotype would follow him plus someone to teach him how to operate it.

Father Berard himself is a small man, and the Navahos, when not too reverential, refer to him as *Ednishodi Yazzie*, Father Shorty. Gray-haired, and wearing bifocal spectacles, he shuffles around the house in soft felt slippers, perpetually in an anxious fuss to get more and more Navaho legends on paper. For hours on end, he will dun his Indian interpreter for more information. Accuracy of usage and pronunciation is his constant obsession. "Click the *l* or you'll be saying some-

thing you wouldn't want to say."
 "Sure it takes a long time to translate. A year isn't too long to convert the Ten Commandments into Navaho."

The mentality and way of thinking among Navahos is so foreign to the white mind that translations mean practically "transmentalations" (if that can describe thought transfers) or something which can only be designated deviously since mere words cannot convey adequately the translation of ideas. In theology, this is particularly difficult. To translate *bread* into *bah* is relatively simple, because bread is bread in any language, but take the idea of God, which may be deeply rooted in their mentality as a ferocious demon, and you have an enormous task trying to make *Diyin Ayuutei* mean the same thing to them as the Christian idea of God to whom we refer as our Father.

The volume of Father Berard's publication in Navaho is not great but it is comprehensive, covering every related field to make the language clear to outsiders. Ethnology, anthropology, etymology and even geology and botany are treated to make the picture complete. Father Berard saw the need of getting root starts on tribal custom and thought, hence his *Ethnologic Dictionary*, a complete encyclopedia of information on the Navaho people and their customs. After 34 pages descriptive of the name *Navaho*, its pronunciation and spelling, a word or two on the Navaho stock and origin, physical features of the land and its population, there are titles covering the uni-

verse, clouds, the calendar, color, names, plants, birds, insects, knitting, sheep raising, basketry, pottery making and everything else that could possibly come under observation in this land of "The People." Despite its erudition, the work became unavoidably poetic.

After every explanation of a custom, a glossary in Navaho and English explains each word that was used.

Because religion was the motive of the investigations, Father Berard next published a *Catechism of Christian Doctrine in Navaho*. In 1912 appeared a *Navaho-English and English-Navaho Vocabulary*; in 1926, a *Navaho Grammar*; the *Catechism and Guide (Navaho-English)*, in 1937. Then he took time out to record *The Origin of the Navaho Enemy Way* for the Yale University Press. It is one of the most popular of Navaho songs, or ceremonies, and was presented to the public in popular style by Father Berard in 1945. Back to religion, *The Holy Gospel for Sundays and Holy Days* came from the press in Navaho. In 1942, the University of Chicago cut in on production and printed his book, *The Flint Way*, a major ceremonial. Then, in response to a demand for some key to all this, *Learning Navaho* appeared in two volumes during 1941 and 1942. Two more volumes are in preparation.

Most persons, talking to Father Berard, inevitably come to the question, "How did you get your information?"

"Went after it," is the reply. "The funny part of it was that they thought

I was converting over to their religious ways. They thought I was taking notes because I was interested. I'll never forget the time I went into a ceremonial hogan to take down notes on that particular sing. I had to get up at four in the morning to be on time, and when I got into the hut I noticed the men were all naked and the women almost that way. I tried to act as demure about it as I could but they didn't seem to think that was the correct approach. They insisted that I take off my clothing, too. But naturally, I held back when it came to that. And there they were, vomiting all over the place, shaking and singing, and asking me to vomit, too. But after all, I was out only to learn the language."

His knowledge of the language brought him many assignments. At Window Rock, the Navaho capital, government central agency for the Navaho Indians, there are many photographs on file showing Father Berard teaching English to the Indians through their own language. He had mastered Navaho so completely that he was able to conduct classes in Navaho for the Indians interested in learning English. Window Rock was also indebted to Father Berard on many other occasions, such as tribal council meetings, when he would act as official interpreter.

Asked why all the concern over this particular language, Father Berard answers quite simply, "After all, I'm a Catholic priest, and my work is to further the Church's interest. I was

sent to teach religion to the Navahos, but I saw from the start that nothing at all could be done with the language barring the Navaho from the English-speaking padres. We couldn't wait until all the Navahos learned English. So we had to learn Navaho. Besides, it should be easier for ten men to learn Navaho than for 50,000 to learn English."

Father Berard has become a major part of St. Michael's. Conversations may weave around everything at the mission but inevitably they manage to come to Father Berard. Some will ask about Father Haile (pronouncing it to rhyme with *hail*, which Father doesn't like, understandably enough when you consider his zeal for precision). Others get it right and ask for him as if they were beginning to sing the "hi-lee, hi-lo" song. But mostly it's "Father Berard," plain and simple, without embellishments.

He can argue quite pleasantly for hours on end as to whether the spelling of the word is *Navaho*, as he contends it must logically be, or *Navajo*, which he insists is misleading and useless. An old man now, and a highly respected scholar, he is given over entirely to his work. He has done his share, a large share, in positive mission work among the Indians, visiting them, building churches, and helping some win privileges which alone they might never have gained.

As regular as clockwork in his habits, he maintains a high production rate, each day adding bits to his printed matter, surely and effectively en-

larging the fund of lore which has been printed about the Navaho Indian. And in the midst of these exacting studies, he will shuffle downstairs to answer the doorbell, find out from some old Navaho *shima* ("my mother," as he speaks to them in their own language) that the baby needs a pill. And with Navahos, this doesn't mean a brisk "What do you want?" with a quick reply and consequent action. It means that Father must quietly take the hand of the old lady, gently greet her, and sit down in the lobby with her until custom has been satisfied, allowing conversation to begin. And then it isn't to the point. The weather, family doings, the next ceremonial sing—all this is discussed leisurely, and softly, when finally after perhaps some

half hour has passed, they come to the point and Father learns that the baby is sick and mother wants to have it taken care of at the dispensary.

It's enough to madden most men, but Father Berard smiles when the point is brought up to him.

"I'm practically one of them anyway," he says, implying that time for them is as endless and vast as the incomprehensible desert land in which they live. When he's really serious, though, he turns to the Gospel: "Because you did it to these"—and the impressive thought of advancement among savants and universities is submerged in the greatest of all thoughts, that the final reckoning will be based on what was or what was not done to "these least ones."

In Praise of Nuns

Direct

IN THE prison camp I met the Sisters who sang and laughed and made jokes and had fun. As people who prayed and fasted as a privilege and a joy, not as a duty. As women who had chosen a way of life, not had it thrust upon them, and who loved it. As women who never, never refused to give help.

Agnes Newton Kieth in *Three Came Home*, quoted in *Ave Maria* (June 28, '47).

Indirect

THE late Father Tim Corcoran, S.J., founder of *Studies*, was once left alone in a convent parlor drafting a plan of work for the school while the nuns went to Office in the chapel. He had to leave before the Office was completed. They found the sheets of their plan, carefully numbered and paragraphed, strewn on the parlor floor. Asked later why he left them there, he replied that the floor of a convent parlor was one place where no piece of paper could escape notice.

Dermot F. Gleeson in *Studies* (June '43).

Scribble Water

By ART BROMIRSKI

The nib of the matter



AQUATIC penmanship, made possible by pens that write at a depth of 40 fathoms, has put ink right back where it started, from under water.

The first ink ever used was reeled in from the sea by some ancestral Isaac Walton. Nature had bottled this ink in the medium of cuttlefish, carnivorous mollusks who use it as a protective squirt to confuse their marine enemies. Some ingenious ancient, tired of drab and colorless picturewriting, saw in this ichthyological defense weapon a means of brightening his scribbings. Accordingly he proceeded to fish for the submarine blue-black and used it as the original writing fluid. Today this natural-ink secretion is known as sepia.

Since that time, blood, berry juices, wine and assorted other rheums, lotions, pastes, and liquors have traced out the scrawlings of the ages. Strangely enough, among the many billions of words that have come down to us, there are relatively few which tell about the fluids with which they were penned. Our knowledge of inks has been principally gathered from modern investigations of manuscripts dating back 4,000 years.

Examinations of documents still

legible reveal that the great bulk of writing from about 2500 B.C. up until 300 years ago was done with black carbon inks. Of course, other inks were used too, but many have faded with time, and so our knowledge of them is fragmentary. Colored inks, solutions of earthy dyestuffs, were used principally for symbolic purposes and only a small percentage of writing was done with them.

The black carbon inks contained carbon in the form of soot, charcoal, or lampblack mixed in a watery paste with a binder, like ox glue. Less pungent binders were also used, but it is generally agreed that most carbon inks smelled like abattoir No. 5. They flowed and dried slowly. Nevertheless, they served their purpose well and the coal black lettering of papyrus manuscripts is as legible today as it was 40 centuries ago.

Use of carbon inks was not confined to writing alone. For many hundreds of years the peoples of all nations ascribed to them a special medicinal value and they were used as applications for cuts, wounds, burns, bruises, and what ails you. The Romans recommended them as hair restorers, but it is not known whether they enjoyed

tonsonial popularity because they actually grew fuzz on barren pates or because they decreased the reflection and glare from them. In the Orient, small pellets of India ink, carbon ink in the form of solid cakes, served as an all-relieving aspirin for a long time.

When writing was done with brushes and reeds on papyrus and the bark of trees, carbon inks were good writing fluids. But the advent of the quill pen and the invention of paper paved the way for the introduction of a free-flowing, chemical ink in the 12th century. This new writing fluid contained essentially the same ingredients as modern ink, tannic acid and an iron salt, but was far from a finished product. In fact, it was not until the last century that the ingredients were chemically balanced to insure dependable performance. A good modern ink is a clear, free-flowing, filterable solution which does not clog nor spread out on paper. It has no pronounced odor and, after quickly drying, it is not sticky. It soaks into the fibers of the writing surface and, upon exposure to air, changes into a dark, insoluble compound which will last as long as the paper on which it is written.

The federal government sets up standards for the inks used for official

records and documents. And, though the various ink manufacturers jealously guard their fountain-pen juice formulas, in general they follow federal specifications. Some manufacturers, however, deviate from Uncle Sam's formula and increase the acid content of their ink. An excess of acid serves to keep ink clear and free from sludge should it remain on a dealer's shelf for a long time. While this protects the manufacturer against loss, it isn't too kind to a consumer's pen nibs.

The recent battle of the ball points versus the bankers spattered ink into the headlines. The bankers charged that cartridge ink used in the new-fangled pens was below government specifications for permanency, that it would fade and disappear after a few months. Manufacturers counterclaimed with the contention that ball-point ink exceeded U.S. standards and would last almost forever. In substantiation of his claim one manufacturer wrote out a check for \$100,000 (under water), to be donated to a designated charity if the writing is not clear and legible after one year. But it looks as if that manufacturer has them coming and going because, if the writing is not clear and legible, what bank will honor the check?



Men go forth to wonder at the height of mountains, the huge waves of the sea, the broad flow of rivers, the extent of the ocean, the courses of the stars—and forget to wonder at themselves.

St. Augustine

Attitude toward altitude

Which Mountain?

By ARNOLD LUNN

Condensed from the *Catholic Times**



THE mountaineer who was sitting opposite me in the train leaned forward and said, "You are Mr. Lunn, aren't you?"

I admitted that I was. "Well, you are the man I want to meet. I want to climb the Matterhorn and then I would like to try some skiing. What would the snow be like on Monte Rosa at this time of the year?"

I told him.

"I have read your *Alpine Skiing*," he went on, "Can't say I have read any of your religious books."

He paused, and I felt his tone change. He knew something about ski-mountaineering, but even so he had referred to me as an expert. He knew nothing about the Church and was therefore anxious from the plenitude of his ignorance to enlighten me, for there is only one subject in this world on which the man who has read nothing is always ready to inform the man who has read a great deal.

Arnold Lunn, after schooling at Harrow and Oxford, went in for skiing in a big way and wrote a dozen or two books on the sport. Then he went in for religious controversy and wrote himself into the Catholic Church.

Admittedly religious questions are divided into questions of opinion on which every man has a right to express his view and question the fact. It is, for instance, a question of fact that Wesley did not believe in predestination, and a critic of Wesleyanism who confused its tenets with Calvinism would not be very helpful, and it is also a question of fact that Catholics (strangely enough) do not believe that all their Protestant friends are going to roast in hell forever.

"I have no prejudice against Catholics," he began, an admirable example of an inverted phrase, the real meaning of which is the precise opposite of the apparent meaning, like "It's not the money I object to, but the principle of the thing," or "War between X and Y is unthinkable," which means that both X and Y have begun to think pretty hard about precisely this possibility. "I have no prejudice against Catholics, but I admire all men who are sincere and who practice what they believe to be true, but what I say is..."

I knew only too well what he was about to say. There is a dreadful inevitability about this traditional *introduction*. I do not, of course, mind a man restating truths which I accept, but I find it

*173-5 Fleet St., London, E.C.4, England. July 11, 1947. Also in America, 70 E. 45th St., New York City, 17. Aug. 9, 1947.

difficult to be patient when a man informs me that twice two is four, with the air of a man who is telling something which I shall regard as both new and faintly shocking.

"But what I say is that all roads lead to heaven, and that what matters is not the route one follows but the point which one is aiming at, and I cannot help feeling that God will prefer people who live good lives even if they are a bit shaky about abstruse dogmas to out-and-out scoundrels who hold the orthodox dogmas."

"So I have always been led to believe," I said.

"But you are an R.C., aren't you?"

"Yes, and hell is full of people who never ceased to be R.C.'s, and heaven of good people who never became R.C.'s."

"Well I still think that roads . . ."

"I know, I know . . . by the way, are you tackling the north face of the Matterhorn?"

He laughed. "Thanks for the compliment. I should fall off before I started. No, the easiest and safest way for me—and a good guide to take me up and down. I am not really good.

"Same here, so far as the ascent to heaven is concerned. The easiest and safest way for me, and a good guide to take me there. All routes may lead up the Matterhorn and all routes may lead to heaven, but I am not good enough to be a guideless climber or to attempt fancy routes."

My friend laughed. "Well, that's that; but what was I asking you about before you started trying to convert me to Popery, ha! ha! Oh! yes, I know,

do you think there is any chance of decent snow on Monte Rosa in July?"

"Well, you might have 1500 feet of good powder below the saddle."

"Good powder snow in July! Thank God I met you. There is something to be said for experts after all."

The really odd thing about this chap was that his curiosity was so frightfully selective. He wished to know all that I could tell him about the best skiing routes, but he had spent some 40 years on this distracted planet without ever trying to find out whether there was any reason to suppose that a man could be guided up an ascent more interesting than the Matterhorn.

What would we think of a motorist who started out happily on the great North Road without ever bothering to discover whether there was any rule of the road or what was the precise significance of all those crotchety traffic lights? I should like to be present at his first interview with the constable.

"Did you see those traffic lights, sir?"

"Oh, I have no use for stuffy dogmas. One man thinks the red light means stop. Another thinks it means go on. And yet the good man who thinks red means all clear will get to York in time and the bad man who is thoroughly orthodox may have a crash at the next turning. Life is more important than dogma, speed than traffic directions."

I do not somehow think that this would go over very big.

One of these days I am going to write a little handbook for people who want to talk about religion in trains.

What's the big rush?

Snail's



Pace

By ALAN DEVOE

Condensed chapter of a book*

MAN has always been fascinated by extremes. Just as he has been awed and spellbound by the vastnesses of interstellar space, the unimaginable voids and gulfs of his universe revealed by the telescope, so he has been marvelingly arrested by the all but immeasurable minutenesses in that realm of life which was first disclosed to his astounded contemplation by Leeuwenhoek's microscope. Similarly, just as he has always watched with a special fascination the swiftest-flying and swiftest-running birds and beasts, the high-flying duck hawks cutting the sky, the rushing, cleft-hoofed deer, so has he always felt a particular regard, expressed in a great body of folklore and myth and fable, for a kind of creature that lives its life at a tempo which to his quick and restless spirit seems almost unbelievably slow. That creature, of course, is the common snail. It is the little whorl-shelled terrestrial mollusk that now in the fall is creeping among the withered fallen leaves in search of a winter sleeping place.

At this season of the year, tawny weasels and snowshoe hares are taking on white pelage for protective coloration against an earth white with snow;

the deer-mice are lining their nests with shreds of cedar bark; and everywhere in the frost-touched woods and meadows there is a rush and scurry of preparatory activity. It is the time when the snail, in keeping with the minimal quality of all its life activities, is simply becoming even less mobile than it was in summer, and is excavating minutely and with increasing torpor a shallow shelter in the light soil, preparing to become, until next spring, as unstirring and unknowing and inanimate as a bittersweet berry or a chip of stone.

A snail's life customarily begins in summer, at that peak season in the life of earth when young bluebirds are trying their wings, young spiders undertaking the spinning of their first communal webs, newly born blacksnakes gliding forth to seek in the warm meadow grass for an unwary mouse. Precisely like a spider or a bluebird or a blacksnake, the snail makes its entrance into life from an egg. It is a tiny egg, spherical and gleaming white, and not as large as a chokeberry or Indian-turnip seed. It may be part of a clutch numbering 50 or more, and the nest in which it lies is a minute hollow

**Lives Around Us*. 1942. Creative Age Press, 11 E. 44th St., New York City. 221 pp. \$2.

in the soil or soft leaf-mold, or in a bed of moss. In this small depression, slowly and laboriously made by the parent snail at the time of laying, it lies untended while time and the warmth of the hot summer sun perform the work of incubation. Like every creature whose incubation and emergence into life are devoid of parental guardianship, the infant snail that presently hatches forth is equipped from birth with the physical endowments and instincts necessary for successfully following its small obscure life course.

The hawk and the veering swallow depend for their lives on wings; the fox survives by fleetness and acute power of scent and sharp-pointed eye-teeth; the essential endowments of a brook trout are gills, whereby it can dispense with lungs. The special equipment of the snail is its spiraling brittle shell. By means of this hard covering, and of the thin layer of viscid mucus under it, evaporation of water from the snail's soft body is slowed; by the shell a creature that has means for neither fight nor flight is saved from immediate annihilation. The snail secretes the shell out of its own body—at first, in infancy, the shell is not completely formed with the curving lip which it will later have—and it does so by indirect intake of calcium carbonate from the earth. The place where the snail is born and lives its days is always, necessarily, a place where there is limestone soil.

The hard, shelly covering encasing

its soft body is the snail's protection from the sun and from enemies. Its further equipments are eyes, a power of scent, and means of moving, feeding, and perpetuating its species. From the soft mucid flesh of the snail's head there project, like the antennae of a moth, two slender stems, peduncles. At the tip of each stem is an eye. These eyes are not capable of seeing, as a man's eyes are, or a bat's, or a wasp's; but they are able to give the snail a dim differentiation between light and darkness. This is essential information for the snail (as it is for an earthworm or a slug), for despite the evaporation-slowing protection of its shell the snail can survive only in a moist atmosphere; it can venture to extrude its tentacled head and go creeping abroad only in the night, or when the sun is hidden. Its long-stalked eyes, informing it thus essentially, are as delicately sensitive to tactile stimuli as are the body hairs of a spider. Were they not, they might soon be broken off in the course of the snail's dim-visioned journeyings. At a touch the eyes are instantly drawn in; they are introverted, like the fingers of a glove.

Close to the long-stemmed eyes there is another pair of shorter tentacles. With the bulbs of nerves at the tips of these the snail apprehends its universe by scent. It apprehends, at any rate, all that it needs to know; it is made aware of the subtle odor of leaves. Given the means to scent the direction of its food, and elementary eyes to inform it of safe hunting time,

it is equipped to fare forth in its casing of protective shell and forage for livelihood.

The pace of the snail's foraging is so slow that movement is all but imperceptible. The human, walking, moves at three or four miles an hour; a gliding snake progresses as quickly; birds may pass through the air at 50 miles per hour. The going of a snail through the dim universe, which it knows only as a blur of darkness and a faint pungeance of leaves, is at so infinitesimal a speed that in the space of a full minute it progresses no farther than the length of a grass blade, the width of a maple leaf. In a night's traveling, from dusk to sunrise, the snail moves no more than one fortieth of a mile.

The means of its moving is a solitary foot, an extruded mass of flesh in the base of which muscles ripple constantly in a series of slow, wave-like contractions, inching the snail forward. It is a gait not only extraordinarily slow, but also extraordinarily constant and unvarying; for while the snail's foot-muscles perform their steady, rhythmic rippling, a mucus-gland at the foot's fore end secretes continually a glairy slime. Every twig and leaf and stone in the foot's path is coated and smoothed before the rippling muscles come in contact with it; friction is kept the same whatever the terrain.

The pattern of the snail's days is simple. During the hours of hot sun it lies withdrawn in its protecting shell, in long hot spells even sealing the entrance with a mucid epiphragm. By

night, or in the rain, it thrusts out its cold fleshy foot, extrudes its stalked, unseeing eyes, and sets forth hunting. Led by its dim scent-awareness to a leaf, the snail files gently at it with its rasping tongue, the radula, on which there are a multitude of microscopic, backward-pointing teeth. It draws the tiny scraped-off particles into its primitive jaw; they pass to an intestine; in time the waste-products are voided. It is a simple and primitive kind of feeding, as simple as the snail's slow breathing—the taking of air into the mantle cavity, an elementary lung, where carbon dioxide is exchanged for oxygen. Breathing and feeding and moving at snail's pace on its solitary foot through the darkness: these are the elements of the snail's small, sluggish destiny. These, and hibernating, and the begetting of more snails.

In the autumn, as slowly and obscurely as it has mated, the snail hibernates. It creeps to a place where fallen leaves are accumulated, or where the earth is loosely packed. With tiny motions, slow as the movement of curling plant fronds, it digs itself a shallow shelter.

Indeed, so obscure, so sluggish, and so unaware is the snail's whole life experience that even when at last in its fourth or fifth year the snail dies, its soft flesh sucked out of the shell by a hungry raccoon, or plucked out by the black probing beak of a crow, or shriveled by some summer day's hot sun, it is hard for man to think that what has died has been a fellow animal.

Vitamins hiding in beauty

Food from Flowers

By JEWELL CASEY

Condensed from the
*Christian Family and Our Missions**



A MEAL of squash blossom soup, red clover or nasturtium salad, evening primrose or rose tea, water-lily preserves, and cream of orange blossom candy, suggests the mistake of banquets for bouquets. However, modern scientists declare that the meal would be rich in vitamins and health-giving minerals.

Eating flowers is not a modern idea. The North American Indians used the floral bud clusters of the milkweed to thicken soups and stews, and cut up the full-blown flowers for a sort of preserves.

Another popular and nourishing Indian soup ingredient was the flowering end of the common cattails, which according to chemists is as nutritious as corn or rice. Indians valued the blossoms of the yellow pond lily because they made a cooling beverage as well as preserves.

Water-lily growing is carried on in China on a big scale, and furnishes a valuable food for the natives. The blossoms are harvested just before they are ready to open, and cooked as vegetables with meat or eaten raw as a salad.

Denmark housewives make a tasty

soup from rose tips. In Roumania the blossoms from the rose, violet and lime are popular for flavoring preserves, jam and jellies. The ancient Romans used the violet blossoms for concocting delicious wines, and even today the Turks use these flowers in their sherbets.

Squash blossom soup is considered a rare delicacy in Mexico, and served only on special occasions. The flowers are used either whole or cut into smaller pieces, and retain their beautiful yellow color after cooking.

In Afghanistan there is a shrub commonly known as "Phogalli," which produces small, reddish-pink blossoms. These flowers are dried and eaten, either made into bread or cooked with butter. They are very rich in sugar.

Native to the tropics is a tree known as *sejioa* which bears a profusion of waxy-white flowers that are relished by man and beast. There are a few of these trees in Florida.

Perhaps the most unusual plant which produces edible flowers is the butter tree, native to India. The blossoms are eaten fresh or dried, and furnish the main supply of food for the hill tribes during the hot months.

*365 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill. July, 1947.

Capers, those flavorsome tidbits in imported sauces, are floral buds. And another more familiar flower bud in our daily menu is the clove. It is a dried floral bud which we call a spice.

The flower head of the artichoke is eaten raw as a salad, or boiled and served with butter. And of course cauliflower is eaten without much thought given to the fact that it is a blossom. The flower head of the broccoli is another edible flower.

In Arabia, rose petals are made into crystallized candy, and the rosebuds are boiled in sugar and made into sweetmeats.

Not so many years ago candied violet blossoms were a product of considerable commercial value in the old countries, especially France. Large fields of the flowers were grown and the blossoms sold exclusively to candy makers.

Rose leaf cakes, preserved rose petals, and rose petal tea, were all known and made by our grandmothers. Orange blossoms, rose petals, violet blossoms and mint leaves are crystallized by carefully selecting rose petals, stemming the violets, taking fresh, large mint leaves and fresh orange blossoms, and dipping them into a heavy sugar syrup made by boiling one cup of sugar and one-fourth cup of water together for about ten minutes. They are then drained, laid on waxed paper until thoroughly dry, and brushed with slightly beaten egg white and

dusted with granulated sugar. After being dried in the sun, they are placed in sealed jars or waxed paper bags.

Primrose and marigolds are used in soups and broth in many sections of Europe. An excellent wine is made from the blossoms of the cowslip and dandelion. Thoroughly dried, primrose blossoms make an excellent tea.

Most persons have eaten tasty salads made from the ordinary nasturtium in which both blossoms and leaves are used. The leaves and pretty little flowers of the oxalis furnish material for a pleasing dish, eaten raw as a salad or cooked with meat as greens. The early pioneers used this plant in pies.

Red clover blossoms may be used in salads and also dried to be used later for tea. The pretty, pea-like, purple blossoms from alfalfa are pleasing to the taste when combined in salad with raw carrots.

In India, the young flowers of the banana plant are eaten raw, while in China they are pickled in vinegar and are as delicious as our cucumber pickles.

Perfumed sweet butter was a delicacy in colonial days. One of three flowers was commonly used, rose, violet, or clover. The butter was placed in a stone crock, which had previously been almost filled with the flower petals, covered tightly and placed in a cool, dark place for three days or longer. It was then served on thin slices of bread at tea time.



May they rest in peace

The War Dead RETURN

By C. LESTER WALKER

Condensed from *Foreign Service**



An editorial note accompanying this article as it appeared in *Foreign Service*, official publication of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, stated that the article should not be construed as reflecting the policy of that organization.

SOME day this fall a ship will enter San Francisco harbor bearing 6,500 steel caskets containing the remains of 6,500 American war dead. The ship will be white, with a wide purple band painted the length of her sides. She will pass slowly under the Golden Gate bridge. Flowers will be dropped on her, and dirge music will sound. Long mortuary trains will be waiting at the pier. The caskets will be put aboard, purple flags will be set at each locomotive's head, bells will toll and the first long train will slowly roll away.

Thus will end the first act of what will probably be the grimmest pageant ever staged by man, America's war dead reburial program.

The preliminaries of this project have been in operation for some time, but some of the facts have yet to be fully explained.

To begin with, the next of kin of all our 320,000 war dead now buried abroad will be asked, "Do you want the body disinterred and brought home?"

On the basis of letters already received by the War Department, most relatives, well over 200,000, will answer Yes.

Is this what those who died would choose? All available evidence overwhelmingly indicates that they wanted to lie beside the men they fought with, in the soil they won. But it is the wishes of the living which the War Department program will follow.

To the living, the reburial program inevitably will bring doubts and misgivings and soul-searchings such as they have never known before. They will wonder about many things. Were the bodies of their beloved dead embalmed before burial? Will they look a little as they did in life? What will be done for them for the long journey home?

The War Department answers frankly. Almost all were buried without being embalmed. There are no undertaking supplies on the battlefield. Time will have changed all of them. Now little more than bones, they will in no way look as one remembered them in life.

*Broadway at 34th St., Kansas City, 2, Mo. August, 1947.

Each body will be removed from its grave, placed on a work table, examined for identification, cleaned, treated chemically with a disinfectant, and then placed in a new blanket, the bones arranged in skeleton conformation. The body will then be carefully wrapped in this blanket, which is securely pinned, then placed in the casket and secured by means of pillows so that there will be no displacement in transit. An embossed strip containing the name of the deceased will be attached to the wrapped body, a duplicate strip will be placed on the shipping case.

On the score of identification the next of kin can rest assured. No remains are named unless identity is established beyond doubt. All doubtful cases are subjected to continuous checking and investigation until finally resolved either as positively identified or "unknown."

But some matters of identity, because of the nature of World War II, will bring to the next of kin a particularly heart-rending problem. A soldier son died close to his fellows in a bomber crash or in a bomb-shattered tank. All the parts of all the bodies, and all the dog tags, were found, but which belonged to which could not be known. To the parents, the War Department must explain that because the remains could not be separately identified, all were buried together in one grave. Now all will be brought back to the U. S. for reburial together in a national cemetery. That is, if all the next of kin wish it that way.

The next of kin, it is calculated, will

pay out to morticians and funeral directors between 50 and 60 million dollars. Individual mortuary and funeral expenses will range, depending on each case, from \$200 into the thousands. Additional costs must be incurred for a private burial plot, unless the interment is to be at government expense in a national cemetery. The government expense will be \$700 per soldier returned, plus a \$50 allowance per body if burial is in a non-government cemetery. The program will require a total of \$200 million.

Those who have attacked the war dead reburial project (and they are many) have asked this question frequently, "Could not all these vast sums be used instead to do good for the living?"

Unfortunately, our war dead reburial program does not attempt to persuade the next of kin that by far the most appropriate and beautiful place for a fallen American soldier to lie is in one of the permanent American military cemeteries overseas.

This omission is the program's greatest tragedy. For these reverently tended cemeteries—overlooking the Pacific or the picturesque European countryside—are just where their buddies would most wish to rest, say thousands of men who fought there.

The program will go on for five years. Only then, it is expected, will the last grave be opened, the last casket transported, the last soldier, sailor or marine brought home. Only then will all the war dead finally rest in peace.

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John Bannister Tabb

By CYRIL CLEMENS

Condensed from the *Servite**

JOHN BANNISTER TABB was born Mar. 22, 1845, into a comfortably-off family in central Virginia. The boy was taught by his talented mother and a tutor, Thomas Schoolcraft. He evinced an early fondness for poetry, especially that of Jeremy Taylor, Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley.

During the Civil War he went to London on a supply-purchasing mission for the Confederacy and on his return was made a regular dispatch carrier. He was captured and imprisoned at Point Lookout, Maryland, in 1864. One day while prostrated with fever, he heard a flute being played with rare talent somewhere within the walls. The player was the young poet of Georgia, Sidney Lanier. The two became good friends and Tabb was stimulated to writing poetry.

Released on Feb. 6, 1865, Tabb went to Richmond and taught English at St. Paul's school. He later taught for a few months at Racine college in Wisconsin.

In 1872, a close friend, Alfred Allen Curtis, like himself an Episcopalian, joined the Catholic Church. Curtis had received Episcopal orders and was exceedingly conscientious in performing his parish duties. While serving as rector of Baltimore's Mount Calvary

church in 1870, he resigned, and after being converted two years later, sailed for England to study under Cardinal Newman, whose writings had first attracted him toward Catholicism. Just 12 years after ordination to the priesthood, he was consecrated Bishop of Wilmington by Cardinal Gibbons on June 10, 1886.

Profoundly influenced by such example and his own reading, Tabb himself joined the Church in 1872. For three years he taught English at St. Charles college, Ellicott City, Md. Association with other priests convinced him of his own vocation. Upon completing his theological studies at St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore, he was ordained by Archbishop Gibbons, Dec. 20, 1884.

After a few years as instructor at St. Peter's School for Boys in Richmond, he returned to St. Charles college for a lifetime of teaching.

Although Father Tabb was very spiritual, he could "leap as a hart" from *Pater Nosters* to lumberjack stories, which were not evil but merely in bad taste. He was, indeed, a curious amalgam of elements generally immiscible. But his spiritual enthusiasms left the deepest impressions on the boys.

*3131 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, 12, Ill. August, 1947.

Unkempt, unbrushed, slovenly in dress and appearance, he was endowed with extraordinary aesthetic sensibilities. When he recited Keats or played Chopin, he gave out an aura of absorption that blurred the greenish-black, greasy and ill-fitting soutane, and made one forget bleary eyes squinting behind tiny lenses, the egg-like dome of forehead, and the only-every-so-often shaved face. He not only possessed feeling—he had acquired a facile technique in both poetry and music by which to convey it.

Tabb was the first to perceive that the student, George Sterling, was a poet. He would frequently go to the yard while the boys were busy with football or baseball, and wait until he caught the boy's eye. Then he would beckon, and the lad, no matter how reluctant, would come. He knew what was coming. "Take this, George, and memorize it. When you have it by heart, come and recite it to me. Then you can go back to play." One day it would be Keats' "On Looking Into Chapman's Homer," another time a part of Shelley's "Skylark," or perhaps some poem from Wordsworth, Tennyson, or Coventry Patmore. Sterling's first volume of verse, *The Testimony of the Suns*, contains a tribute to his old master, *On Reading Father Tabb's Poems*.

Writing verse during his spare time, Tabb had some poems printed for private distribution in 1882. The small book won praise from Sidney Lanier, Father Abram Ryan, John Boyle O'Reilly, and other good critics.

However, he made his first real bid for poetical recognition with *Poems*, 1894. So great became the popularity of the slim book that before the turn of the century, the public had demanded no less than a dozen editions. *Lyrics* followed in 1897, and *Later Lyrics* in 1902. By this time his poems were appearing in many magazines. From the very beginning Tabb's verse proved popular across the ocean. Alice Meynell thought so highly of it that she published *Selections from the Verse of J. B. Tabb*, which had wide success. Kipling took the trouble to memorize many verses.

Tabb was the only priest at the college not a Sulpician. He had been detailed there as a secular by Archbishop, later Cardinal, Gibbons, as a personification of a program of "Americanization" of the college in which the faculty had been exclusively composed of French priests. In many ways Tabb's post was not easy. He differed from the Sulpicians in that he was not formally pious, nor tactful, nor amenable to rules or regulations. As regards fundamentals he was, of course, strictly regular, but in non-essentials, unique. He had not been long in residence when he was accepted as a privileged character. The kindly fathers relished even such wit coming from a genius.

Complete blindness overshadowed Tabb's last years. The loss of occupation was a severe trial. But when general paralysis followed he showed by his patience and resignation the depth of his faith. Yet to the end he called himself an "Unreconstructed Rebel."

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He died at the college Nov. 19, 1909, aged 65. He characterized his own work in the quatrain,

One word of well-directed wit—
A pebble-jest, has often hit
A boastful evil, and prevailed
Where many a nobler weapon
failed.

A year later *Later Poems* appeared and almost a score of years afterward the complete collection, *The Poetry of Father Tabb*, was published. Those who have read him will accept Thomas Hardy's appraisal, "Few American poets can express a truth in briefer compass and happier words than John Bannister Tabb."

Volcanic energy



Father Hubbard, Explorer

By RAYMOND SCHUESSLER

CRAWLING ON hands and knees skinned and bleeding, clinging by the barest grip of an ice pick or a scant toe hold, two men inched up the side of the Alaskan volcano, Mount Katmai, which never before had been scaled in winter. Foot by foot, mile by mile, wind-burned and dead tired, with the last mouthful of food gone, they struggled on. The higher they got the rougher the weather. The vicious wind reached a velocity of 80 miles an hour at some points with the most unpredictable of elements falling upon them, hailstones as large as baseballs

and mudballs* as large as golf balls. In spite of all, they managed to pull themselves to the rim of the monstrous cauldron.

The hardship of the last few days was forgotten in the indescribable splendor of the beauty before their eyes. The sheen of vitreous lacework, crystallized volcanic rock, rainbowed the interior, reflected in a tropical lake near the interior cone, which bubbled ominously near the other end of the crater, eight miles away. It was a breathless moment for the explorers. But reality still had to be faced—the return trip, and already the storm was growing worse.

They managed to reach their base camp at the foot of the volcano but they had yet to make their way out of

*A phenomenon of the Arctic. Clouds condense rapidly over volcanic regions and the ashes spewed from the craters are wrapped in this mist and rained earthward in the form of mudballs.

the wastelands. In two weeks they were out of food; storms made progress difficult and game scarce. After the dogs were eaten there was nothing left but snow and prayer between them and the hundreds of miles back to civilization. And pray they did, for what other miracle could have sent that stray trading vessel within hailing distance of their camp?

This was one of the innumerable adventures of Father Bernard Hubbard, one of the most daring and one of the most active explorers in the world today. For the last 20 years this Jesuit, found more often in parka than in cassock, has startled the scientific world with his Marco Poloan exploits in the far North. A wanderer among glaciers, volcanoes and uncharted labyrinths in the far corners of the world, he has proved to a static and industrialized world that there are yet virgin areas for the private adventurer if he cares to leave the comfort of the city. "All one needs is a strong back, a strong stomach, dumb head, and a good guardian angel." Father Hubbard has certainly had a good guardian angel. And no one has ever denied his physical ruggedness, 215 pounds of rawboned courage, as he says himself, "built like a battleship." "Dumb head" is a personal deprecation hardly congruous with his scientific contributions to the fields of oceanography, volcanology, ichthyology, and anthropology.

None of his co-workers has ever had a serious accident in all his years of exploration although many times

some have been touched by the clammy wind which did not originate in the Arctic. Attacked by 200-pound mountain goats, 2,000-pound grizzlies and five-ton sea lions, contracting flu-pneumonia after a 1,600-mile dog mush, dangling over 2,000-foot chasms by the grace of a slim rope, flying into the craters of volcanoes for photos, the explorers needed a boundless faith as well as luck and courage.

He himself prefers the peace and quiet of volcanoes and glaciers to the dirty, smoky cities, their dervishing traffic and vicarious enjoyment. He has enjoyed such ineffable sights as the birth of an island caused by a pregnant volcano pushing its cone out in the middle of the frothing Bering sea and the ensuing struggle between two roaring forces of nature—fire and water, spewing and screeching for mastery over each other, the crimson hot cone swallowing wave after wave until finally subdued. He has seen the incredible Bogosof island decked completely with a million birds and a half million monstrous sea lions.

He had a terrific battle in conquering Shishaldin, the volcano with the almost perfect cone, which had repulsed all attempts at being climbed. In May, 1932, with a party of three, 11 dogs and 1,000 pounds of equipment, he set out to beat "Smoky Moses" at a time when the volcano was spewing hot streams down its sides and bombarding the invaders with stones and ashes. They neared the summit only to find the 60-degree peak cloaked in loose cinders which made

footing hazardous. Only 200 feet from the top now, would they have to turn back? Everyone but Father Hubbard and one dog had crawled for a time into shelter to resist the fury of the storm which threatened to toss them over the side, but finally after making time at the rate of two feet per minute they reached the top.

It became quite apparent why no one had ever conquered Shishaldin before. There was no solid cone, merely two or three stray vents and no telling how thin the crust of the peak upon which they were standing was. The surface was so hot the dogs jumped upon the men's backs. It was a queer sensation to feel their feet burn while their noses froze. Nevertheless it was a victory. An important discovery was made on this trip when they found the source of a poisonous chlorine gas which explained mysterious deaths in near-by villages when the volcano erupted a few years ago.

"Fossil," as his early schoolmates dubbed him because of his early habit of climbing the Santa Cruz mountains on private geological expeditions with dog, gun and camera, was born in San Francisco on Nov. 24, 1888. His early love of nature and adventure led him on many expeditions much to the discomfort of his parents who never knew just where he was or when he was coming back. It wasn't exactly geology that interested him so much as the grand, challenging, unrestrained thrill of the climb to peaks that punched through the clouds. Here he found peace and understanding foreign to

the world below, but there was glorious duty up here somewhere, too. As Father Talbot was later to explain, "He does not court danger for the thrill of it, the dare or the vanity of it. He faces danger because it has to be faced for a higher end, for the solution of scientific problems or mystery, for the extension of human knowledge."

His father was very religious, a convert to Catholicism, and young Fossil inherited his zeal. He attended St. Ignatius college in San Francisco and the University of Santa Clara and became a member of the Jesuit Order in 1908. He took his B.A. degree from the Jesuit novitiate of Los Gatos in 1913 and his M.A. from Gonzaga university in 1921. It was also in 1921 that he went to Innsbruck, Austria, to complete his studies, a rather circuitous route, but he had good reason. He had a penchant for querulous debate with his teachers, so much so that two universities gave him "indefinite leaves of absence-without diploma." He decided that the only way to get his sheepskin was to attend some foreign school where he didn't know the language well enough to argue. The native students were shocked at first to see him wear his unconventional rough mountain climbing garb instead of the austere black but in time they grew to be very fond of him, nicknaming him *der Gletscherpfarrer*—the glacier priest.

He was graduated with flying colors. While in Austria he obtained the position as chaplain to Empress Zita and of course he did not pass up the opportunity to climb nearly every precipitous

peak in the Alps near the university.

Since 1926 Father Hubbard has been head of the geology department of the University of Santa Clara, which school, by the way, was one which gave him "indefinite leave of absence" but which now is very proud of him. Because at the university he had no professors to argue with he did the next best thing, criticized the textbooks, until the president of the university asked him, "Why don't you write your own textbook?"

"Well, why not?" he mused. Packing his bags he sailed for Alaska. His trip, the first of 16, was no elaborate expedition, in fact, he practically had to hitchhike. Let's look in the *Who's Who in America* for a moment and see just how well he succeeded.

"Author of two books on Alaskan expeditions: scientific studies in volcanology, Aniakchak, 31-32; in glacier geology, Alaska peninsula and South-eastern Alaska; in meteorology and oceanography, Arctic ocean, north of Alaska and in the Islands of the Bering sea; in ethnology, tracing primitive Asiatic migration to North America; in ichthyology, studies of salmon runs bound for Bering sea, in paleontology discovery of new genera fossil . . ."

But these are only technical descriptions. In truth his adventures have been much more daring and thrilling. In 1931 he flew over Aniakchak, the Alaskan moon crater which had been giving the greatest eruption of modern times. At this time the monster was shaking the Arctic, blowing ashes hundreds of miles away. While he was

attempting to get photos, Father Hubbard's plane was almost sucked into its maw but he succeeded in taking the first photos of its behavior. It is the largest active volcano in the world today with a 30-square-mile floor and 100-mile circumference.

In 1934 he set out to solve the mystery of the Aghileen Pinnacles, a group of weird and needle-like peaks visible from the coast but hitherto unexplored and unclimbed. As the party reached the peak they discovered that the needles were merely part of the rim of a great extinct volcanic crater even larger than Aniakchak. This gigantic crater was at least 30 miles in diameter. Again invaluable photos and data were obtained for the plush-bottom-chair scientists.

In 1936 the superstitious natives around Juneau near the Taku ice cap were shaking their heads in sorrow for the Father had left to search for the giant "bear tracks" in the forbidden district called "The End of the World." No man had ever crossed the huge glacier, which many scientists thought to be one of the original prehistoric mobile ice caps of the North American continent. Besides conquering the glacier, Father Hubbard wanted to see those bear tracks which he thought might be in reality dinosaur tracks. It was one of his roughest treks. Ice plains stippled with jagged ice rapids made progress slow. His guardian angel was close by on this trip also. Traveling the treacherous Twin Glacier river, jammed with swirling ice floes, his boat capsized. Floundering

in the icy water with a prayer of requiem on his lips he was pulled into the passing motorboat of a trapper! Salvaging what equipment he could, he took off—not for home but on to Taku. He did not find the tracks but he succeeded in becoming the first man ever to cross the huge glacier.

In the spring of 1937 he went on his longest trip, a trek of 18 months to King island to study the habits, languages and customs of the natives. This is the severest part of the world, cut off from civilization from September until June.

Even some of the veteran adventurers of the North have been amazed at his daring. When he planned a trip along Alaska's northern coast to the Canadian border, veteran whalers swore he wouldn't make it. Father Hubbard promised he would be there in six months. He made it in six weeks.

At the outbreak of the second World War, Father Hubbard was immediately corralled by the U. S. army. High officers had followed his career with considerable satisfaction through the years and immediately enlisted his services as the leading authority on Alaskan affairs. Although he officially served as chaplain, he was really advisor and supervisor to the U. S. forces situated there. His invaluable reports on his 14 Alaskan expeditions were eagerly accepted by the government, as were his 100,000 still pictures of the terrain and million feet of film. Without his reports on the Bering sea weather, the only ones in existence, unaccountable difficulty would have

been encountered. All of his personally developed innovations to combat Arctic weather, such as waterproof linen trousers, fawnskin boots, and a storm-proof tent which weighs nine pounds and sleeps eight, were eagerly adopted and developed.

When in 1942 after helping organize Alaskan defenses he returned to the States from his 16th consecutive year of Arctic work, the Navy department approached him. "Would he please go up to the Aleutians and teach the boys how not to be afraid of the country?" Back up to the Aleutians he went in December.

In addition to all his technical education his real worth to the boys out on Attu was his jovial fellowship. They all grew to love the 215-pound Jesuit who could do everything they did and do it better. He certainly did not pass up any of the adventurous facilities offered by the service. He went down in submarines, flew Navy planes and sailed mine-laying vessels. In the spring of '44 he returned to the States for a series of lectures.

Lecturing holds no fright for him. "When you've lived in the North, come in to find your camp torn up by bears and had to eat your dogs when you had no food, you don't mind a little thing like a lecture tour," he explained.

He is one of the highest paid lecturers in the world; receipts from the lectures finance future expeditions, help his Alaska missions fund, and support the 600 Eskimo orphans he has under his wing.

Divine Paradox

By GIUSEPPE RICCIOTTI

Condensed chapter of a book*

JESUS is the greatest paradox in history. He appears in a region of secondary importance in the Roman Empire, in a nation which its conquerors are quick to describe as the "most dismal" of all (Tacitus) and "injurious to the others" (Quintilian), "a contemptible collection of slaves" (Tacitus). Not once in all His life does He emerge from among this people of His, not once does He evince any desire to know the world of the learned, the aesthetes, the politicians and the warriors who hold the civil society of the day in their grasp. In His own region, He spends at least nine-tenths of His life in an extremely humble little village, known only to be despised, proverbial for its worthlessness. There He attends no schools, handles no learned parchments, has no correspondence with distant scholars of His nation. He is simply and solely a carpenter. For 30 years no one knows who He is except two or three people as silent as He.

All of a sudden, when He is past 30, He emerges into public life and begins a new activity. He has no human means of any kind at His disposal. He has no weapons, no money, no academic knowledge, no aesthetic power, no political support. He spends almost

all His time among poor folk, fishermen, and peasants; with particular solicitude He seeks out publicans, harlots, and others rejected by good society. Among those persons He works miracles in great number and variety. He joins to Himself a little group of fishermen who follow Him constantly as His particular disciples. His activity lasts less than three years.

What He does is preach a doctrine which is neither philosophical nor political, but religious and moral exclusively. It is the most unheard-of teaching that has ever been stated in the whole world. It seems a doctrine composed of everything that all the various philosophies have unanimously rejected, of all that the entire world, in every region, has consistently cast as far from it as it could. What is evil for the world is for Jesus a good; what the world deems a good, for Jesus is an evil. Poverty, humility, submission, the silent sufferance of insult and injury, withdrawing oneself to give way to others, the greatest of evils in the world are the greatest goods to Him. Conversely, wealth, honors, dominion over others, and all the other many things which spell happiness for the world represent a total loss for Jesus, or at least a very

*The Life of Christ. Bruce Publishing Co., 540 N. Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, 1, Wis. 703 pp. \$7.50. Translated by Alberto I. Zizzamia, D.M.L. (Rom.)

serious danger to the souls of men.

The world, in fact, sees only the visible and the tangible; Jesus declares that He sees the unseen. The world fixes its gaze on nothing but the earth, and it sees it from below. Jesus fixes His gaze on heaven especially, and He contemplates the earth from heaven. For Jesus, the earth has no sense or meaning of its own; it is a painful and fleeting episode which has no adequate solution in itself. It receives its adequate solution only in heaven; it derives meaning and significance only from heaven. The tenants of the impermanent dwelling who place all their hopes in it alone and refuse to leave it comprise the kingdom of the world. On the other hand, the tenants who remain in it only through resigned obedience but aspire constantly to their permanent home, preparing their journey to it, constitute the kingdom of God.

Between the two kingdoms there is relentless warfare both in the present and the future; neither of the two will cease warring until the other is utterly defeated. The respective strengths of both kingdoms derive from love, but for different objects. The subjects of the kingdom of the world love only themselves or whatever is useful or pleasing to themselves; for all other beings on earth and in heaven they feel either formal hatred or cold indifference. The subjects of the kingdom of God love God first of all, and then the whole hierarchy of beings down to those who are useless and who do evil; for those latter they have a par-

ticular love. For God's subjects, to give is to acquire, and therefore they do not know any hatred, which is the peak of avarice. Of this kingdom of God, the strength of which is the love of God and of men, Jesus is the founder.

The kingdom of God is the kingdom foretold by the ancient prophets of Israel, who predicted that its founder would be the Messias promised the chosen people. In preaching His anti-mundane doctrine Jesus is conscious of His identity as the Messias, but He does not declare Himself in the beginning in order that the crowds, throbbing with politico-messianic hopes, may not acclaim Him as a national leader and interpret His doctrine as a political proclamation. Hence His mission is a most difficult one. He must instruct the crowds in matters that will be sure to be misunderstood, for when He speaks of victory over evil, they will think He means victory over the Romans, and when He names the kingdom of God, they will think He means the dominion of Israel. Yet He has to speak of those matters and use precisely those terms because they have been already established in the Holy Scriptures of the people of God. And Jesus, as the Messias, has come to fulfill those Scriptures, not to annul them; to complete, not to destroy. His personal mission is directed solely to the chosen people, the depositary of God's ancient promises; when those promises have been fulfilled, however, the effects of His mission will pour over all the peoples of the earth.

To this end, He institutes a permanent society, the Church.

But the majority of the chosen people do not accept His preaching, and those most hostile to Him are none other than the leaders of that people, namely, the chief priests from the Temple and the Pharisees from the synagogues. In Galilee, His work yields very meager fruit, and so he abandons it and goes into Judea and to the capital, Jerusalem. Here the harvest is no greater than in Galilee, but the hostility He encounters is very much greater. The chief priests and the Pharisees are convinced of His miraculous power, and they would not take issue with him on many points of His teaching. But they do not forgive His outspoken denunciation of the hypocrisy of the ruling classes and His unflinching condemnation of the empty formalism which is withering their religious life. After having unwillingly tolerated Him for some time, they arrest Him through treachery, condemn Him in the tribunal of their nation on religious charges, and have Him condemned a second time in the tribunal of the representative of Rome on political charges.

Jesus dies on the cross.

After three days, those who have condemned Him are convinced that He has risen. His disciples are at first unconvinced; but they later yield to the evidence of their senses, for they see Him and touch Him with their hands a number of times, and speak with Him just as they did before His death.

But the paradox of Jesus continues, unchanged, even after His death. Just as in His first life He was the antithesis of the world, so the institution which He founded continues in the most incredible manner to be a negation of the world.

He left no echo of Himself in the upper circles of the society of His time. In the whole Roman Empire the historians ignore Him, the learned are unaware of His teachings, the civil authorities have, at the most, noted His death in their records, as they would the death of a revolutionary slave, and have given it no further thought. The very leaders of His nation, satisfied with His disappearance from the scene, are more than ready to forget Him altogether. His institution seems to have been reduced to the agony of His own tortured body on the cross. Before it the world stands to gloat in triumph over its agony, just as the chief priests stood gloating at the foot of His cross.

And instead, this institution shuddering in agony suddenly rises up again to gather into its arms the entire world. There are three centuries of persecution and slaughter, three centuries which seem to prolong the agony of the cross and re-echo the three days in the sepulcher, but after the third century civil society becomes officially the disciple of Jesus.

The kingdom of the world is not overthrown, however, and the war goes on in somewhat different forms but with the same obdurate tenacity as before. Jesus, or his institution, becomes increasingly the "sign of con-

tradition" in the history of human civilization. His utterly paradoxical and burdensome doctrine has been accepted by great numbers of men and practiced with intense love.

The furious conflict goes on, not without frauds and treachery. Often troops appear waving standards copied after the "sign of contradiction" and shouting cries tuned to the precepts of Jesus; they proclaim brotherhood and other altruisms unknown to the subjects of the world. But the deception does not last; in the end the imitation betrays itself because its voice and its accent are different.

Certain it is that Jesus is today more alive than ever among men. All have need of Him, either to love Him or to curse Him, but they cannot do without

Him. Many men in the past have been loved with extreme intensity, Socrates by his disciples, Julius Caesar by his legionnaires, Napoleon by his soldiers. But today these men belong irrevocably to the past; not a heart beats at their memory. There is no one who would give his life or even his possessions for them even though their ideals are still being advocated. And when their ideals are opposed, no one ever thinks of cursing Socrates or Julius Caesar or Napoleon, because their personalities no longer have any influence; they are by-gones. But not Jesus; Jesus is still loved and He is still cursed; men still renounce their possessions and even their lives both for love of Him and out of hatred for Him.

No living being is as alive as Jesus.

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Spider	June	18			

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Boylan, M. Eugene. *THIS TREMENDOUS LOVER*. Westminster, Md.: Newman Bookshop. 345 pp. \$3. Love tends to make us images of the one we love. Whole-souled attachment to Christ makes us His replicas. How this union is effected through the Church, Holy Communion, prayer, reading, our neighbor, and virtues such as obedience and confidence is the subject of the book.

Cholmeley, Katharine. *MARGERY KEMPE, Genius and Mystic*. New York: Longmans. 118 pp. \$2. Picture of medieval England, Holy Land pilgrimages, and her own interior life, found in a 15th century woman's autobiography—the earliest in English.

Fischer, John. *WHY THEY BEHAVE LIKE RUSSIANS*. New York: Harper. 262 pp. \$2.75. The Russians do not believe that western democracy can last. They think they must be ready to resist the fascist regime which is sure to follow. Our hope of getting along with them lies in making democracy endure.

Lee, George. *OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE; Patroness of the Americas*. New York: Catholic Book Publishing Co. 384 pp. \$2. The apparitions in 1531, miraculous picture, four-century history of the devotion to our Lady centered in the great Mexican shrine.

Liturgical Conference. *WHAT IS THE LITURGICAL MOVEMENT?* Highland Park, Ill. (200 S. Green Bay Rd.): Liturgical Conference. 32 pp., pamphlet. 25¢. The ordinary way to holiness for all of us is our union with Christ through the sacraments and public prayer of His Church. Lucid explanation of an intensive effort to make this truth better understood.

McLavery, Michael. *THE GAME COCK AND OTHER STORIES*. New York: Devin-Adair. 192 pp., illus. \$2.75. Sharply etched stories of Irish life, told with a sense of humor.

Marshall, Bruce. *VESPERS IN VIENNA*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 280 pp. \$2.75. Novel in which a veteran English colonel and a convent of Austrian nuns share some bilingual worries in the jumble of postwar "rehabilitation." By the author of *The World, the Flesh and Father Smith*.

Redpath, Helen M. D. *GOD'S AMBASSADRESS, St. Bridget of Sweden*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 216 pp. \$3. The 14th-century Swedish woman who had a triple career as mother and housewife, founder of a contemplative community, and adviser to Pope Urban V.

Rommen, Heinrich A. *THE NATURAL LAW; a Study in Legal and Social History and Philosophy*. St. Louis: Herder. 290 pp. \$4. The very design of created things gives an indication of what God expects from them. Dr. Rommen traces the attitudes men have borne toward the natural law as a guide to moral action.

Withycombe, E. G., compiler. *THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH CHRISTIAN NAMES*. New York: Oxford University Press. 142 pp. \$3. Meaning, variants, and extent of use of personal names current in England since the 14th century. Not confined to saints' names. Interesting, carefully worked out list.

WE ARE HAPPY to announce an edition of the CATHOLIC DIGEST in the German language. *Katholischer Digest* began with the July issue. It is published by the Pattloch Publishing Co. in Aschaffenburg, near Frankfurt. It is made possible by permissions obtained from the Treasury Department of the U. S., and by the excellent cooperation of the War Department and the Office of Military Government of the U. S. It seems certain that this latest European edition will help to break down the walls of spiritual and cultural isolation from which Germany has suffered from the early days of the nazi regime. It is also certain that the Germans want it, because the demand has already far exceeded the paper supply.

U. S. readers may subscribe for themselves or for friends in Germany (\$3 a year; 2 yrs., \$5; 3 yrs., \$6.75). Write to the St. Paul office of the CATHOLIC DIGEST (41 E. 8th St., St. Paul, 2, Minn.)

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